

Chill falls the Autumn;
Sickly the beam,
Slanting so sadly
Along the cold stream.
Faded the glory;
Coming winds roar;
Old, old the story—
Winter once more!

Having enjoyed the kind hospitality of J.

William Howitt, Esq., writing from North

Wishing you a prosperous and safe journey to the Consular appointment in Asia, which your Government has been pleased to confide to you, and praying that you may be the recipient of those blessings (in this and other worlds) which flow from the soul's most cherished treasure—the possession of truth,—We are, sincerely, yours.”

English clergyman of considerable eminence, who had preached in York and London. He intimately described the county of Yorkshire, the city of York, the river Ouse, the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the Minster, the position it stood in relative to the points of the compass, the beautiful window designs, the location of the virgin Mary with the hissing serpent under her feet, etc. all of which was

lieve as you believe, that I could see him again, I should be happy. But all is dark, DARK." Four years ago I met that old man again, and when he saw me he rushed forward and said, "Why, brother, you told me the truth, my son does live, he comes day after day, and has given me proof upon proof. I no longer doubt my son does live, and I can hardly wait the call to rejoin him," and he

Mr. Coleman said he was the first to present upon Mr. Burns's attention the desirability of having such an Institution as the one they were that evening assembled in. He thought Mr. Burns was fully entitled to the hearty support of all Spiritualists, and he hoped every lady and gentleman present would become members of the Institution.

Definitions by a Lady.—
Tyranny—Man's prerogative.
Submission—Woman's destiny.

—A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honeymoon would last. "Don't tell me of the honeymoon," he replied; "it is the harvest moon with me."

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RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES

—It was a well meant but novel compliment from a parishioner, who declared to her minister that she did not know which was most to admire — his sermon or his wife's new dress.

— Tom King, the prize-fighter, has turned preacher. He still retains the P. R. after his name, but instead of Prize Ring, it now signifies Preacher of the Redeemer.

— Henry Ward Beecher compares the different religious denominations to the different pockets in a pair of clothes, and says it is of little consequence whether one goes to heaven in an inside or outside pocket.

—The wealthiest wife in America is a devout Methodist. Commodore Vanderbilt says that his spouse has more real religion than B. Drew, and that, on the whole, there is more piety in the Central than the Erie stock.

—The Rev. Mr. Murray, of the Boston Park Street Church, is losing favor in his congregation. His Adirondack romance rather unsettled his hold on his flock, and his dictatorial ways are not relished by the deacons.

—An English mathematician has figured up the weight of the animals that he says entered Noah's Ark, and he finds that the room required for provisions, and he finds that the ark was four miles long and half a mile wide.

"Ah?" said a Sunday school teacher, "Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, "I suppose as I should have been a orphan."

"A ducky's account of a sermon: Well, sabbie, the sermon was upon the miracles of de loaves and de fishes. De minister said how de seven thousand loaves and de five thousand fishes divided betwixt de twelve apostles, an' de miracle was dat dey didn't bat it."

"Dar are," said a sable orator, "two roads through dis world. De one is a broad an' narrow road dat leads to perdition, an' de adder an' narrow an' broad road dat leads to de destruction." "If dat am de case," said a hearer, "de culled individual takes to de worse."

Beecher says that men confess everything at their own besetting sins. They steer clear of ease. Who ever heard a man say, "O Lord! I am proud as Lucifer; bumble me"—or, "O Lord! I am so mean and stingy that it is only with great sin that I can unclothe my fist; make me generous."

An old lady was complaining to her pastor of a misdeed of her son. The clergyman tried to console her, but she would not be comforted, for she said, "I and his poor father have laid awake every night, praying for him, but it hasn't done any good,—and we know all the time it

— In one of the northern countries of Scotland, a rural district had its harvest operations seriously retarded by continuous rains. A minister, in his Sabbath service, thus expressed the desires of the congregation in prayer for the needed sun: "We pray they be wished for: 'Send us wind; not a rainin', 'twain', tearin' wind, but a moughin', sougin', 'twain' wind.'"

— The New Albany Commercial says that an elderly woman, more remarkable for her religious than for anything else, went out to see the late President, when the total obscuration occurred, she showed up her hands and shouted, "Come on, blessed Lord, I see ready for you." She firmly believed that the "last day" had arrived.

A priest has been taking contracts by the ten
to have masses said for the money of depar-
Catholics. But after getting the money of the
ed relations, he has left their poor deca-
ade still sweltering in purgatory, where, had
been for the vigilance of the police, they
ld have hopelessly remained. The swindler in
has been arrested.

A rough sea captain, in a storm, who, when
perished passengers persuaded him to petition
for a cessation of the tempest, proffered
the following brief request:

O Lord! I haven't been in the habit of call-
ing you often; and if you'll shift the wind to
the southwest, I'll be sure to call on you more

In the course of his pastoral visitations, Rev. Chalmers called upon a worthy shoemaker, an unassuming yet intelligent man, that he and his family were suffering from the ravages of the terrible monocle disease.

A man has appeared in a country district of the world who pretends to be the Saviour come again to save the world. He has selected twelve apostles and pretends to heal the sick. Having gained considerable popularity, he is now turning his attention to the Jews. He has already made reference to the rising of 1863, calls on them to fight and prepare for new efforts, and prophesies speedily re-establishment of the old Polish gdom.

A Spanish priest, once, exhorting the soldiers fight like lions, added, in the ardor of his enthusiasm: "Reflect, my children, that whosoever falls to day, sleeps to-night in paradise." And applause followed the sentiment. The fight on, the ranks wavered, and the priest took to heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproached him for retreat to the promised supper in paradise. "Yes, my son, true," said the priest, "but I never eat a supper."

Bishop Cox, of Buffalo, has a father, Rev. Dr. John Hanson Cox, a scholarly saint, a genius, a Presbyterian well known to fame, who lived once that this revered father visited his son, bishop, and the following dialogue ensued on day morning: Bishop— "Father, you know I would like to have you preach for me, but you, you know that our church does not recognize your ordination, and I must keep to the order." Dr. Cox—"May God forgive me for being a father of a fool."

A farmer, who wished to invest the accumulation of his industries in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to obtain treasury notes. The clerk inquired: "What denomination will you have them in, sir?" "I have never heard that word used, excepting to distinguish religious sects," the farmer, after a deliberation, replied: "Well, you may give me part in Old School, bysterian to please the old lady, but give me the rest in Free-Will Baptist."

In Arkansas, Elder Knapp while baptizing, adverts at a revival meeting, advanced with a very sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on an old rifle and quietly looking on, remarked, "Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yer business; but I want to say that is an old sinner I have got hold of, and I know that o' o' dip."

— In one of the villages of Kentucky, recently,

Baptist minister and a young Presbyterian clergyman preached in the same house "night out," both preachers being present at each meeting.

One evening the Presbyterian, after a discourse on infant baptism, proceeded to baptize several babes. The little candidates made a great cry, which of course, was noted by the Baptist man. Next day a number of converts of the

the appointed hour a large concourse gathered on the banks, the Presbyterian being of the number, and standing close to the water's edge. After the candidates had been immersed, the Baptist

"Now, sir, I will immerse you."
The latter, amazed, demurred.
"Come along; I am in a hurry!" replied the
mp divine, and dragged his brother into the
water. Alarmed and indignant, the young Cal-

ist declared at the top of his voice, "I do not believe in immersion, was opposed to it, and would not submit to it." The audience were much excited by the scene. The Baptist released his hold and said: "Young man, I will not immerge you to day; but if ever again I see you baptizing little ones against their will, I will immerge and kick, as I

in will and spite of their enemies, I will dip you into the water as you were last night. Let us pray!"—
 "There's a God in Israel! Let us pray!"—
 Harper's Magazine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. N."—SWEDENBORG was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. His revelations concerning the spirit-world are interesting, whether the reader believes them or not. According to him there are three heavens, consisting of three orders of angels; the first distinguished for love, the second for wisdom, and the last for obedience. "All angels have lived on earth; none were created such. They are men and women in every respect; they marry, and live in societies, in cities and countries, just as in the world, but in happiness and glory ineffable. All in whom love to God and man is the ruling principle, go to heaven at death. Between heaven and hell, a perfect equilibrium is maintained. As there are three heavens, there are three hells, and every angelic society has an infernal antagonist. Hell, as a whole, is called the devil and Satan; there is no individual being that name. All in whom self-love is the ruling motive, go to hell. There is no resurrection of the earthly body. Every one passes to his final lot at death, except that some make a short sojourn in an intermediate state, designated the world of spirits, where the good are cured of their superficial infirmities and intellectual mistakes, and the evil reject all their pretences to good."

"J. S."—Socrates was born near Athens 469 years before Christ. He had few advantages for education in his early years. He was brought up at his father's employment which was that of a statuary. At his father's death he was left with a fortune of 80 minas (about 1,400 dollars) which he lost through the dishonesty of a relation. This compelled him to work at the art of statuary for a living. He afterwards became a private tutor to the children of a wealthy Athenian. This gave him the means of pursuing the study of philosophy, which he did with the greatest industry. He won considerable renown in the war which was then raging between Athens and Sparta, and signified himself by deeds of great valor. It was not till he was upwards of sixty years of age that he entered upon any civil office. He proved himself a capable and incorruptible statesman. After a life of faithful teaching and public services he was at last condemned to suffer death; and he proved himself in his death, a shining example to statesmen of all ages.

"E. W. S."—Your long article was received, and, though sorry to do so, we were obliged to reject it. It stood in need of careful pruning; many passages were so involved that the end forgot the beginning; moreover, the similes, which you are fond of using, were carried out as they should have been, so that confusion of thought ensued. Do not make the mistake of supposing that large or uncommon words give an air to profundity, or impart literary excellence to an essay. They must be used with discretion, and only when simpler words will not express the meaning. If you write us again, construct shorter sentences, and avoid what is technically called "fine-writing." If you have a thought worthy of being given to the public, express it simply and it will have far more effect, than if it be cumbered with many words and drawn into long-tailed paragraphs, which worry and fret both editor and general reader.

"ANNA."—Mozart was only seven years of age when he composed the exquisite air set to a popular boat-song. It is not generally known that he had a sister, said to be his equal as a practical musician. They were in the habit of writing musical letters to each other, and so keen were their perceptions of the meanings of harmonious sound, that the recipient of the letter had but to seat himself at the harp, to comprehend all that was in the mind of the sender. Mozart appears to have been the subject of inspirational influences, as you say; so much so indeed that his hearers, beholding him step from earth and ascending like a bird, the singing winds of Heaven, were wont to say:

"MARIE."—It is a difficult matter to explain the difference between "animal" and "spiritual" magnetism. That the former is far inferior to the latter as a healing agency, is a fact that Spiritualists have long ago proved. And since all such agencies flow from the very sublimation of the Spiritual, that spirit who can reach us from the greatest height, is the one who can give us, finer, and therefore more powerful remedial elements. It is a great mistake to suppose that the magnetizer who does most good is the one who has the greatest physical power, and the broadest base-brain. Such a one cannot be a very good subject for the reception and giving out of spiritual magnetisms.

"A. THOMAS."—The Albatross is the largest of all aquatic birds, the extended wings measuring sometimes 15 feet, and the weight often exceeding 20 pounds. It has white plumage with some black bands on the wings and back. It preys on the wing, and is very voracious. They are continually met with in the Southern Ocean and are seen in immense flocks about Behring's Straits in the early part of Summer, attracted by the vast shoals of fish, whose migrations they follow. One of their eggs weighs about one pound. When sailors fall overboard in latitudes where the albatross abounds, it becomes a most formidable enemy, even should a few minutes only elapse before they can be rescued.

"MRS. E. E."—The poem on "Woman's Wrongs," would require the most careful revision, before it can be used. Your theme is good, but the article should lead dignity to such a theme—not detract from it. Look over your work, correct the metre, which is very faulty, and see that your opening stanza conveys the subject more distinctly to the mind of the reader. Do not avoid the labor of rearranging and rewriting, under the impression that what you have done, "will answer;" for whatever is prepared for publication should be the very best one is capable of doing. Carelessness is inexcusable, especially in an inexperienced writer.

"MATE."—Do you think you have found your "mate," and ask "How shall I keep her?" If she is yours, no need to ask the question; she will not easily be drawn from your side. If you push her off by your acts, show her a sullen face and expect sweetness in return, you will deserve to lose her. It is love that allures; loving her and showing it will be sufficient. Remember that you are nearest to her of any one in the world, and so stand the best chance of receiving her love and retaining it. Above all things be not jealous-minded.

"JENNIE BELL."—Our advice to you is, ask your friend's forgiveness, as soon as possible. You were certainly very rude to him, as you yourself tell the story. Make up for it as well as you can, by an ample apology.

"BEN."—Philip V. of France, was surnamed "The Bold." He reigned from 1316 to 1321.

"ELISE."—There are ten defective rhymes in your "Poem." There are also several others.

"SARNA."—Southey was once poet-laureate of England.

No pent-up continent contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor-in-Chief.
H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In response to the request of many friends of THE UNIVERSE, we will renew our offer to send it to new subscribers "on trial," for the term of three months (to commence with any month) for Fifty Cents.

We will send a copy of "Exeter Hall" free, to any present subscriber to THE UNIVERSE who will send us one new subscriber for one year with the money, \$2.50; or Five Trial Subscribers, with the money, \$2.50. With this offer, any present reader may easily secure a copy of this great work. The offer is also made to any one becoming a subscriber who will procure and forward an additional name.

REMOVAL OF THE UNIVERSE TO NEW YORK CITY.

The mission of THE UNIVERSE as the most thoroughly radical of reform journals, demands that it be placed where its facilities will be commensurate with its comprehensive purpose, and its means for effective work be as complete as it is possible to make them. The West can sustain it—indeed, it has been hailed by its people with an earnestness and an enthusiasm which surely indicates that it supplies a want heretofore unsupplied, and its future would attest this in the most tangible form of evidence, pecuniary support, without which no enterprise, however lofty and unselfish in its character, can succeed. But the material success of THE UNIVERSE was some time since assured.

It remains, now, to locate its center and base of operations where it can command unlimited opportunities for the mighty material and spiritual work it has undertaken. Nowhere, in any country, are these opportunities more extensive than in the city of New York, the American metropolis, from which ready access is obtained to all quarters of the world.

Therefore, in accordance with this conception of its purpose and its needs, the Publisher hereby announces that from and after January 1st, 1870, THE UNIVERSE will be printed and published at the city of New York.

THE INIQUITIES COVERED IN MARRIAGE.

In another place, we give a statement, furnished us by a physician of prominent standing of a horrid instance of sexual abuse, perpetrated under cover of that "holy" institution, the popular Marriage, for the exposure of which THE UNIVERSE is being written. We do not wonder that sensual men—and sensual women, too—are shocked at this daring invasion of the sanctum-sanctorum of their vile pleasures. But the work has been commenced. The unavailing of hidden iniquities cannot longer be prevented. Since THE UNIVERSE began its work, many a wretched victim of legal lust has come to us, thanking God and the Angels that there have arisen those who will tear aside the veil that the Church and the Law have placed around Wedlock, and will tell of the pollution, the outrages, and the murders, thus sanctioned and protected.

We are preparing for a systematic and unsparing crusade in the field of reform which THE UNIVERSE has entered upon. Already the rumbling of the thunder of coming revolution greets the ears of Conservatives. They are fulminating their remonstrances on all sides; but they cannot arrest the spirit of the age. The black flag has been unfurled. Woman's Independence—her right to a free and separate existence—has been declared, and the control of her body is to be wrested from her master.

The article of Mrs. Knowlton, which has been causing so much consternation, will soon be re-published in our columns, as we are unable to supply the demand for the issue of THE UNIVERSE containing it. We have, also, already accumulated a large amount of evidence bearing on these points, of which good use will be made.

—Josh Billings says: "Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in woman's right's business, then I am going to take my hat under my arm and join the procession."

"Handsome is that handsome does," don't you remember your mother taught you, Josh? You should use your usual good sense, Josh, and look below mere externals, at the heart and the deeds. Josh, if you don't appreciate the radiant beauty of our noble "Woman's Rights" women, a look into their souls will convince you. Then, Josh, you will wish to be in our "procession."

—Mrs. CONNELLY, a newly married lady, while visiting a flour mill, at Norfolk, was caught between the mill-stones and ground to death.—*Flake's Bulletin, Galveston, Texas.*

This was a shocking accident, indeed, but will Mr. FLAKE inform us why it is important to announce that the lady was newly married?

—The report of the brilliant reception of Mr. PEEBLES in London, which we copy from advance-sheets of *Human Nature* for October, kindly sent us by the publisher, will be read with interest.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—VIII.

D. D. HOME'S SEANCES—EXTRACTS FROM LORD ADARE'S BOOK—A SPIRIT MADE VISIBLE—SURPRISING MANIFESTATIONS—ELONGATION OF MR. HOME—ADAM MENKEN—PENTECOSTAL MIRACLES—TONGUES OF FIRE—EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS—THE BOOK OF THE DEAD—MAGNETISM AMONG THE ANCIENTS, ETC.

LONDON, England Sept. 23, 1869.

Thrilled the other day by the recital of remarkable experiences contained in a letter written to us by Signor Damiani, we involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! that this great throbbing, doubting world, could witness these wonderful phenomena!"

A book of great merit, inter-related with this thought of Phenomenal Spiritualism, has just fallen into our hands, fresh from the pen of Viscount Adare. The introduction, by Earl Dunraven, who is on the most intimate terms with the medium, D. D. Home, exhibits a fine taste and high scholarly attainments.

"It has been my object," says Lord Adare, "in writing of these seances of Mr. Home, to divest my accounts of all the sensational elements; and for fear of exaggerating in any particular, I have simply recorded the bare facts. I witnessed. To put down on paper accurately what others, with myself, have seen, or to report, even the substance of what is spoken in a trance, is extremely difficult."

"It is well to mention, that I have witnessed many persons make, at their first seance, every effort to account for the phenomena, by trickery and mechanical contrivance, and failing in that, to reduce them to the effects of some unknown force. I have invariably found them, provided the seance was successful, very soon obliged to admit, that these phenomena cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that they are caused, by an unseen, but active and reasoning intelligence. I have printed names in full, whenever obtaining leave to do so, knowing how little value is generally attached to statements, unsupported by the testimony of more than one person."

Lord Adare gives to the public, in this book, the names of fifty persons as witnesses of these Spiritual manifestations. These individuals are well known and responsible. Some belong to the aristocracy, some are scientists, some are eminent in the pursuits of literature, and others in the law, physics, and the military department. We take pleasure in furnishing for our readers, the gist of some of the wonders, seen at these seances, and recorded by Lord Adare.

SEANCE NO. I.

"During this sitting, in the presence of Dr. Gully, Mr. Earl, Mrs. Thayer and others, the table began to vibrate with great rapidity, and danced round the room in various directions. It was tilted up to an angle greater than forty-five degrees. The surface was smooth, polished mahogany, yet the candles, paper and pencil did not move. Feeling cold currents of air pass across my face and hands, a chair standing against the wall, at a distance of perhaps five yards, came suddenly away from the wall, and placed itself beside me at the table. The effect was startling; Mrs. Thayer saw a shadowy form standing between Home and myself; I was tempted lightly upon the head, and an angelic voice, from the ceiling, said: 'When it began a tune, resembling a voluntary upon the organ; the melody was perfect, and the expression beautiful. While the accordion was being played, I looked at it two or three times under the table. All were permitted to do the same, demonstrating the fact that it was played without visible hands.'

SEANCE NO. III.

Present, Mr. Jencken, Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Heming, Mr. Russell, and others. The manifestations commenced with the usual vibration of the floor and our chairs, and also the cold currents of air passing over the hands of those present. Curious sounds were heard, something between the chirping of a bird and the whistling produced by birds' wings. Soon the spirit-voice was heard distinctly. During the time of the rustling of the birds' wings and the spirit-voices, Mr. Home engaged in social conversation, showing that the sounds were not produced by ventriloquism.

SEANCE NO. IV.

Present, Lady Galway, Lord Adair, Mrs. Scott Russell and others. A very large table, seven feet long and five feet wide, vibrated, at first strongly, and then sprang forward violently, as though forced by a mighty, mysterious power. The table was lifted in the air, and vibrated sufficiently strong, at a later hour in the evening, to be felt in the next house. Music was heard, and other remarkable manifestations, demonstrating the reality of a future existence.

SEANCE NO. VI.

During this sitting, the seance was exceedingly harmonious. Mr. Home, entranced, spoke beautifully, and was elongated, from his natural height, five feet ten inches to six feet four. Lord Dunraven placed his hands on his feet, and they were fairly on the floor; others unbuttoned his coat, and he was elongated again; the space between his waistcoat and the waistband of his pantaloons being four or five inches. He also grew in breadth and size all over, but there was no way of testing to what extent. Spirit-voices were heard, and spirit-forms were seen.

SEANCE NO. LVII.

Lord Dunraven, Charles Wynne, Home, and Lord Adare, went to the Abbey, and, while standing near the altar, Home was entranced, and by the expressions of his face appeared to be in great agony. His head and hands became luminous. An owl flew round the Old Abbey screaming. I attributed the noise at first to Home, but as he passed me he said in a most awful voice "No, it is not me; you are mistaken." He knelt upon the ground, waved his hands, and appearing in great distress, said, "Do you see that tombstone with a light shining upon it? It would be better, a million times better, to lie there in the cold dark clay, than to spend years upon years, every moment of which, is an eternity, in wandering here;—O I am so weary—so weary!" Soon he awoke from his trance in a nervous state. Entranced again we saw him approaching and evidently raised from off the ground, for he floated in front of us at a height which carried him over a broken wall, which was about two feet high. There could not be a better test of his being entirely off the ground, for, as he crossed the wall, he was quite horizontal, and uniform in movement.

The distance that we saw him carried, must have been at least 10 or 12 yards.

When Home came out of the trance, he seemed excited, and remembered that previous to losing his consciousness he had been walking about with a man dressed like a friar in a brown gown—a costume common to this order in the Catholic Church. The friar, told Home he was unable to leave the earth. Some psychological law seemed to hold him to the old scenes of his mortal life. Finally, he was led back to the church, where he knelt and prayed. Upon coming to himself he told us the spirit would be better and happier for what had transpired that night. As we were about to leave, Home saw a figure in the air; Charlie Wynne and myself, both saw the shadow move across the window.

SEANCE XLVII.

Buckingham Gate; present, Lord Lindsay and others. This seance was deeply interesting. Immediately after the commencement of the sitting, manifestations commenced and several messages were received from Adah Menken. Lindsay saw two spirits on the sofa and others in different places. Adah Menken entranced Home and spoke through his organism.

After a little quiet, Home was taken up in the air and carried out of one window, and brought into the window of another room. During the session there was the rushing sound of wind, the chirping of a bird heard, and luminous emanations around Home's head, which, at times, changed into the form of tongues or jets of flame. Then entranced again, he spoke in an unknown tongue for a time, and then the spirits said they had that day been discussing the subject of the miracles at the day of Pentecost, and that the spirits present, aided by higher intelligences, had produced the sound of the wind, of the bird descending, and the known tongues with the interpretations, and the tongues of fire, to show that the same phenomena could occur now that transpired in the uncorrupted Christian ages. The remarkable phenomena recorded in this book, of nearly 200 pages, issued only for private circulation, are thrillingly interesting and convincing. We hope that Lord Dunraven, with the other titled gentlemen and ladies, who witnessed those spiritual manifestations, will soon see the necessity of throwing the volume into the book-markets of the world. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

THE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS.

There is a growing interest in the present age, to fathom and come into closer relations, with the wisdom of the Ancients. The Rosetta stone, which we examined in the British Museum, the other day, with its inscriptions in hieroglyphs, Enchorial, and the ancient Greek text, has proved a partial key to unlock the mysteries of Egypt. That Sir H. Rawlinson has the full key, has been doubted by some of the best scholars of the age. His system has three hundred letters, and five hundred possible variations. Mr. D. Smith claims to read the Assyrian and Egyptian Hieroglyphs by the use of nineteen letters. His letters, when resolved into primitives, are all triangular. The Egyptians very early adopted the universal Symbol of the equilateral triangle, in the form of their pyramids. To show the difference of the renderings, take this sample. On the vase from Haliarnassus, on which the name of Xerxes is read in Hieroglyphics by some scholars, Mr. Smith reads the cuneiform, not Xerxes, but "the king rests in peace."

In our opinion, a perfect key to the reading and rendering of the hieroglyphical and pictorial writings, covering the obelisks and pyramidal columns of the past, will never be fully discovered and clearly understood, till the spirits—the Egyptian spirits of those ages—speak through the modern medium. That day will come, when the veil of mystery will be torn away, and the long-lost secrets of the past will be revealed in white across the plains of heaven, so declare.

SYMBOLS OF CHRISTIANITY.

On these spires and Synthetic columns of the museum brought from Egypt, are plainly discovered, the cross, the crozier, and the mitre; another evidence, that Christianity was grafted upon Egyptian Theology, through Judaism. Examining the papyrus, we were forcibly struck with the symbols connected with the ritual and burial service of the dead, traceable through the different dynasties. The following may be interesting:

On a tablet of *Usertesen* is a scribe engaged in family worship. It pertains to the twelfth dynasty.

On a tablet to Ren-Paif, is a functionary dedicating offerings to Osiris. On other tablets are symbolized funeral trains, judgment halls, and resurrection scenes.

The papyrus of Tani contains several chapters of the "Book of the Dead" or ritual service.

THEORIES OF FUTURE LIFE.

The papyrus of *Ta-Ma* is replete with the history of a Priestess—that is a modern medium.

On a scroll of papyrus from Thebes is the symbol of death. Just over the mummy-form the spirit is hovering with up-turned eyes. Having passed the judgment hall, an angel meets the ascending spirit and introduces it to its friends in waiting, who bear it company to the higher heavens. Forward of each judgment throne stands a recording angel. Each spirit released from the body, is weighed in the scales of Truth and Justice. If found wanting, dark grotesque personages bear the soul to hazy realms of darkness, above which, the sun continues to pour down rays of Divine light.

On the papyrus of *Mut-Em-Ua* stands a female reading from a scroll called the "Book of the Gate." A little further on she is adressing the twenty-one gods of the Empty Gate and, gaining her cause, is admitted to the mansions of rest.

PROOFS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.

The papyrus *Nasi-Mut-Ankh* treats of the priestess of Amen-Ra and her adorations. These are recorded in the ritual of the "Book of the Dead" chapters 1, 33, 54, 61 and 81. This roll of papyrus interested us more than others, because treating of magic, magnetism, and the life and legends of Osiris. In these vignettes are pictorial illustrations relating to the different magnetic states, magnetic healing, and the methods of Psychological application to the median nerve. Here stands the Temple of Health, and above it the god Osiris, crowned and surrounded by a golden halo. Near the steps of the Temple sits a patient reclining, and behind him a healing medium, with upraised hands, and magnetic rays streaming upon the patient's brain. Just forward stands the robed priest, wearing the mitre, and holding in his right hand the crozier; warding off the influences of lower spirits and dark-hued magnetizers. Other figures symbolize the magnetic rays, the positive and negative currents, and the exhilarating effects produced upon the subjects. All demonstrating beyond a doubt, that the science of Mesmerism, magnetism, and the trance-state, were well understood by the ancient Egyptians.

Translations of the "Book of the Dead," the "Book of the Gate," the sacred "Books

of the Kings," and other important manuscripts, relating to the earliest dynasties, will soon be completed; showing distinctly that most of the Theological doctrines of Christians with all the rites, forms, and ceremonies of the Hebrews, were obtained from the Egyptians. J. M. P.

Written for The Universe.

ANOTHER "INSIDE VIEW OF MARRIAGE."

BY THOMAS W. DEERING, M. D.
[Late Consulting Surgeon and Physician to the St. Paul (Minn.) Health Institute and Movement Cures.]

Being known among a large circle of radical thinkers as an investigator of the great social problem that is now convulsing the world, numbers have written me lately concerning the statements of Mrs. Knowlton in the issue of THE UNIVERSE of August 21. Some ask, "Are not such statements too highly colored?" "Does she not speak partially?" "Does she not make out men heinous, and women docile?" "Does she not let the sympathy of her sex give cast to it?" These and numerous other questions are asked me. The purport of all is, Does not Mrs. K. tell the worst story in the best possible way?

As my reply to these inquiries may be of interest to others than the correspondents, and may be the means of calling the attention of others to the social status, I have presumed to reply through the columns of THE UNIVERSE.

All the inquiries about colorings, partiality, sympathy, etc., show a lack of understanding or observation of the depths of the hidden recesses of pollution. By virtue of my profession I have had many opportunities to look behind the scenes, and I can say that the cases related by Mrs. K. are probabilities, not possibilities. Hardly any physician of extensive practice among the women of the country but can verify, by like statements, her word. I have oftentimes listened to the heart-throbs and soul-throes of many a wrecked marital partner. I have seen the result of acts, for which, outside the shelter of a legal permit, society would have torn their perpetrators limb from limb. I have been called upon to remedy, surgically, the fiendish acts of the first hour of legal rape.

A case which I am now to relate will give you a horrible insight into the cess-pool of pollution—the present marital relation. It will reveal to you a greater depth of depravity than Mrs. K. has shown you. The remedial effort of society is upon us. If we crush its symptoms in the press, they will break out with renewed effort elsewhere. The church and those in its interest may try to stay the insidious tide, by stigmatizing those persons who have the moral courage to probe its ulcers and liberate the corruption, and by trying to write down those journals, whose helm answers only to truth, justice, purity, and holiness, by appealing to the sensual dogmas of the masses. The odor arising from the agitation of this sea of corruption does not greet their olfactories pleasantly; nevertheless it must be agitated, till its every particle shall be exposed to the great moral oxygenator, and rendered pure.

While practicing in Illinois I was consulted by a lady who desired to place herself under my treatment. Her disease was *prolapsed uteri* of the *prolapsed variety*; in non-technical parlance, the uterus protruded. That organ and the labia, etc., were covered with "sores." Those of my readers who are conversant with pathology will well understand her condition; these features being noted, those who are not, would not gain anything by a further statement. She had been under treatment, "regular" and "irregular" for months. Often she was confined to her bed for months.

During the investigation of her case I learned that her "lord and master" was the cause of her condition. She had been married to him thirteen years, and during that time was never free from some form of uterine disease or displacement.

He was a large, tall man, of immense amenity; she a small, low-sized woman, of small amatory power. I allude to this to call attention, at a future time, to a theory advocated by certain socialists.

The first night of their married life his abuse of her was so great as to provoke the interference of the residents of the house where they were boarding. This statement was afterward verified to me by one of the parties who interfered. The woman's own language best conveys the condition of affairs: "Oh, God! what I endured that night! I prayed that every act would end my life." She was lacerated and abused to that extent that she spent the "honey-moon" on the same bed on which she had suffered crucifixion; and during this time had to endure nightly, and often daily, the tortures imposed by this fiend. For the first four years of her married life, except at such times as she or her husband were away from home, she had to submit to his lust every day. During this period one child was born, and this same state of affairs continued during gestation and immediately after parturition. She had to submit to his lust three hours before labor, when labor pains had actually set in, and 16 hours after. To use her own language,—"I had to submit to him four times the night after my child was born!"

This course of procedure she endured for years—four children being born to her in the meantime. For a period of two years, prior to her coming under my professional notice, she was in the condition in which I found her, and during this time he used to put her under the influence of chloroform, replace the organ and gratify his hellish appetite!

These are only a few extracts from her marital history; the untold portion exceeds them in depth of depravity. This woman had sought relief from her spiritual adviser, and he related to her the flippancy of every corrupt socialist, "Wives, submit yourselves," etc. He told her "that she should seek relief in the folds of the church; that God was good; that the more she suffered here, the greater would be her reward hereafter!"

During my connection with the St. Paul Health Institute, she wrote me: "I am again a sacrifice upon the altar of lust. I would leave my husband, but society would give me the cold shoulder, and then—my children! O, God! when I think of them, conceived in lust, and generated in hate and loathing, my courage fails me. If society would give me my children, I would gladly beg from door to door. I pray God to remove me from out this hell of misery, for the future is all dark and gloomy!"

Friends, I ask you, is not the institution that shrouds, protects, legalizes these things, at fault? It is the foster-mother of unbridled

passion. What is the marriage of to-day? Simply the enslaving of woman to man. It is nothing more nor less than a permit from society to debase the highest and holiest functions of woman. The only stipulations that it (society) makes, are—that he confine his operations to one at a time!

There is no doubt that the present institution of marriage has had its uses as well as its abuses; but it is a relic of the past. It was adapted to other ages and conditions of society. The people have outgrown it. The age demands a higher form of marriage,—a marriage of equality—a marriage of congenial natures.

In the present, physiologically ignorant condition of society, there should be laws against marriage. We want laws to prevent certain persons marrying, instead of laws to tie them together. A true marriage is a law unto itself. And any marriage that is not a law unto itself, it would be better for humanity that it were expurgated forthwith than to tolerate its terrible results.

Written for The Universe.

NOT ALL COWARDS.

I must protest against the too sweeping inference of our good friend D. M. Allen, that the general silence on the marriage question, that has prevailed of late, is the result of the "hasty retreat" of those who had undertaken to discuss it. The "hot fire" is not what has been "the matter." I know flunkism has always borne a high premium, and that there is little danger that hell will ever be extensively peopled by sinners damned for an excess of back-bone; but the history of reforms has ever shown that *pluck* is a commodity, though scarce, yet never entirely extinct. The truth is, it is the merest handful of men and women who have ever (till now) seriously grappled with the question, or been at all awake to the realization of the number and magnitude of the evils and horrors involved in this accursed system. And these few have never had, nor been able to get the public ear. The press has been shut against them. The question has never been allowed a hearing. Here and there one, more rash, if not more courageous than his fellows, has, at one time or another, made an onslaught upon the enemy, in the shape of an anti-marriage paper or magazine. But the friends of free discussion, at least that portion of them at all interested in the discussion of this question, have been too few, too poor, or too little in earnest, to sustain the undertaking.

So Freedom's guns have been silenced, not because the enemy's fire has been too "hot," but because the supply of ammunition has failed. There has been cowardice, mean and damning, but not on the part of the assailants of marriage. There has been no time, in the last fifteen years, when the opponents of marriage have not had earnest and fearless, if not able, champions to put forward; but the press, and the public halls have alike been shut against them. Time-serving Spiritualists and semi-reformers have conspired with sensual worldlings to gag and then vilify the men and women who asked only to be heard, not in self-defense, but in defense of Justice and Human Rights. These have been, perhaps, too patient, too willing to "hide their time," but they knew that the "day of reckoning" was at hand.

Till now, I am safe in saying, there never has been a publication in the country—save a few small affairs, gotten up on purpose to discuss radical questions, and which have invariably afforded opportunity for a fair discussion of the marriage question in its columns. And paper, which, "for love or money," (a reasonable amount of either,) will print the word *abolition* in connection with this "sum of all villainies." I cheerfully grant that ninety-nine in a hundred of those who wish the bars marriage puts up, so far removed as to allow them certain *cheap opportunities*, are the greatest cowards that walk. But the advocacy of the Principle of Freedom *never* has been a part of their mission.

FRANCIS BARRY.

555 Ninth Avenue, New York.

Written for The Universe.

WHY IT IS SO.

So much has been said about "woman's inconsistency," in despising her erring sisters and judging lightly her paramour, that I want to "have my say," now.

In the first place, we're a grand set of hypocrites, generally, and despise the effects of sin more than the sin itself; consequently man goes free, and woman receives the full measure of wrath.

In the second place, "The woman tempted me," has been a convenient screen for man, ever since Adam first tried to hide behind it; and woman, being taught that she must "honor her husband"—feeling that, unless she does forgive him, life will be a burden to her, accepts his plea, but visits his sins upon the head of his "temptress" and her children.

"The woman tempted me," pleads the husband, and, after the first storm of rage and grief is over, she takes his head upon her bosom and forgives, even to "seventy times seven," because she is not prepared to support herself, and *must* (so the world says) live with him; but she must hate an despise something, so, we unto those by whom the offence is made known to the world!

ARDIE BEE.

—Correspondents must be willing to overlook delays in attending to their favors. We are nearly overwhelmed with correspondence that cannot be immediately attended to. It must be remembered that we print two journals, (although not "both daily,") both requiring our attention, and the most pressing duties must first be attended to. Our gallant little WESTERN RURAL has a parish of 150,000 readers, whose interests cannot be neglected. We shall be able to do justice to all, soon.

—The monthly magazine, known as the *Spiritual Rostrum*, has been merged in THE UNIVERSE, as announced in our columns on the 2d inst. Mr. W. F. Jamieson, its late publisher and conductor, is now traveling in Iowa, lecturing, and receiving subscriptions for this journal.

—The Book and News Room of HERMON SNOW, San Francisco, has been removed from No. 410 to 319 Kearney St., near Bush St., a highly favorable change. California subscribers to THE UNIVERSE will make a note of this removal.

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

THINKING BY PROXY—SPIRITUALISM DESTINED TO OVERSPREAD THE EARTH—ECUMENICAL COUNCIL—FATHER HYACINTH—MAUDLIN LITERATURE OF CITY NEWSPAPERS—NETTIE PEASE—INSPIRATIONAL POETRY—GOLD IMBROGLIOS—PRESIDENT GRANT—THE GREAT TIDE—WINTER, AND THE POOR, ETC.

NEW YORK, October 16, 1869.

As no revelation of God can possibly require an interpreter, the absurdity of Theological disquisitions upon doctrinal points, founded upon this text of Scripture or upon that, becomes apparent at once. All that is necessary to the well-being of the human family, is designed to be common property; and if we do not avail ourselves of this fact, it is from the circumstance of our ignoring our own individuality and permitting others to think for us. The only demonstrable avenues to God, lie mainly through physical nature; and as these are unvarying and open alike to all, there should be no diversity of opinion regarding them, however laudable the injunctions that are intended to keep us in the right path. No man thinks of eating by proxy, sleeping by proxy, suffering mental or physical anguish by proxy, or of enjoying any of the pleasures of life by proxy; and, yet, there are millions who suffer themselves to think by proxy in relation to issues of infinitely more moment, inasmuch as they appertain to a state of being of eternal duration, and on a scale broader and grander than that which is measured out by the sun. In this connection, we have long been the dupes of dopes, or of those sanctified gamblers whose dopes are cunning and hypocrisy, and whose stakes are unsuspecting human souls—men who have so destroyed the sublime simplicity of things, and mystified the will of Heaven concerning us, as to completely upset the harmony of Nature and pit her in open rebellion against herself.

It is a noticeable fact, that wherever antagonisms of this character have obtained, the antidote has invariably accompanied the bane. The exactions, arrogance and corruption of the Romish church, begat Luther and the Confession of Augsburg, or Protestantism; while the impurity and imperfect civilization of the latter, begat Andrew Jackson Davis, Judge Edmond, Robert Dale Owen, and Spiritualism—which seems to be the full measure of revelation to us on this side of the tomb, because through its instrumentality, we lift the veil, and hold communion with those who have shuffled off this mortal coil. In this sense, then, Spiritualism is the bright fruition of those divine aspirations that have been groping through ages of error, doubt and darkness, and that have now emerged into perfect day. From its positive and philosophical character, as well as its harmony with Nature, it is clearly destined to overspread the earth as the waters do the face of the deep. The schools must recognize it, until all nations, from the least to the greatest, shall acknowledge its divine origin and power.

Whatever the decision of the Ecumenical Council regarding the infallibility of the Pope, it will tend to the advancement of liberal ideas. Should it be declared that the old gentleman is beyond the pale of humanity, and incapable of error, the common sense of the age will revolt against the conclusion; while, should it be decided, that he is merely a poor, fallible being like the rest of us, his power over the ignorant and superstitious will be greatly impaired. In either case, the church suffers; and so goes on the good work. Father Hyacinth, too, who appears to be imbued with some of the spirit of Luther, is up in arms against the exactions and usurpations of the Holy See. He is now about to land on our shores, and cannot fail to set the ball of reformation, amongst Catholics, rolling in this country. May all good angels attend his mission, if it be honestly conceived, and have for its object the destruction of the degrading superstition that now enthralled so many millions of the human race.

The sentimental, newspaper literature of this city, is, as a general thing, as bad as can be found in any other portion of the habitable globe. Our vast population, like a fallen carcass in the desert, has drawn so many foul beasts and birds about us, that the very atmosphere is laden with their intolerable stench; and the echoes warred with their discordant cries and jabberings. From first to last, we are pelted with loveless idiocy, sentimental vagabondism, and impossible characters. Look where we may, and we find vermillion and yellow ochre laid on side by side without the slightest attempt at shading, and an inch thick. All that is necessary to the success of authors in certain quarters, is the furnishing, at some point of their maudlin stories, a startling, dramatic situation for an adulterous or bloodthirsty wood-cut. Indecent pictures and disgusting dwelling, are the stock in trade of no inconsiderable portion of our third-rate publishers here; while amongst those of high rank, we too frequently find, in both verse and prose, productions of such questionable merit or unmistakable silliness, that we wonder intuitively at the respectable protection that is sometimes afforded to the most consummate trash.

Nettie Pease is a pleasant, persuasive and talented speaker. Considering the unfavorable weather, her audiences at the Everett Rooms, for the last two Sundays have been quite numerous. She is, I understand, about to publish a volume of inspirational poems. Let her look well to it. Save in rare instances, such poems are unworthy the slightest consideration. When, indeed, Edgar A. Poe speaks through Lizzie Doten, we recognize a divine presence at once and are overshadowed with that unspeakable delight which is the magnetism of true genius; but how different the feeling, when we are subjected to that drowsy, mill-horse round of rhyme which is ever on the hunt for a word to jingle with some other, and which does an idea to death, before the weary hand-gallop has come to a close. This, it must be understood, is not intended to apply in particular to the poems of Miss Pease, or indeed to them at all; as I hear they are of a superior character; but being interested in the status of Spiritual literature, I drop this hint, so that she and others who may be inclined to contribute to that literature, may give us something worthy our glorious philosophy, and not embarrass us with the jibes and sneers of competent critics, or the antagonisms of men of taste and judgment.

The Fish-Corbin, gold imbroglio still agitates us. There can be no reasonable doubt, that these two men are sharper who sought to shape the financial policy of the government to meet their own selfish views; but I am far from endorsing the idea that President Grant was in any way concerned in

the disgraceful affair. I am not one of those who believe that the President of this great Republic could be induced to soil his hands in this manner. The evidence afforded by his former conduct and career, preclude the possibility of such an idea. True, that Mr. Corbin is his brother-in-law; but what of that?—there is nothing criminal in having a brother-in-law, while it seems equally apparent, that had General Grant so far forgotten himself and his exalted position as to mix himself up with this disreputable case, he would be far from using so near a relative in it as Mr. Corbin, through whom his complicity might, at least, be readily suspected.

The great tidal wave has come and gone without creating any very great commotion along our coast. In fact, it was scarcely felt at all perceptible here. In and about the period of its approach, however, a slumbering storm seemed to pervade the atmosphere, suffused with a greenish, hazy light, such as we perceive during an eclipse of the sun. In other quarters much damage has been done, never theless, by the watery monster, and especially in New Brunswick in the neighboring colony. While I write, the withered leaves sweep by my window like troops of dead butterflies. Soon the last wild flower shall perish in the brake, and the storm-king stride forth from the north, to rattle many a broken casement and wring the heart of poverty on its desolate hearthstone. May all good angels incline the wealthy toward the poor and needy during the approaching inclement season. When I come to dwell on the countless abodes of misery and destitution, with which parts of this city abound, I shrink from a contemplation of the sufferings that seem to await their unfortunate inmates, and turn my eyes toward Wall Street, Fifth Avenue and the Churches. But alas! the heavens are as brass in any of these directions. There is nothing so deaf as gold—nothing so selfish as pride—and nothing so blind as the charity of the sects. All! all! seem to have conspired against God's poor, and think the crumbs that fall from their tables, more than sufficient to satisfy the craving of the ragged and hungry thousands who are wandering about our streets without a roof to shelter them. When shall the glorious morning dawn upon us, that shall see the whole human family linked together in one true, common brotherhood? When Spiritualism shall sweep all the pulpits into one, and bridge, in open day, the gulf that has so long yawned between both worlds! Not till then.

Logos.

—Talk of the pluck of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN—it is "no where," compared with that of the Rev. JAMES WALKER, editor of the *Liberal*, the avowed "infidel" journal of Chicago. This gentleman proposes to discuss, on Sunday evening next, at Mirasoles Hall, the following:—"The Evidence that No Such Person as Jesus Christ ever Existed."

NEW BOOK.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, The World-Renowned Spiritual Mediums: Their Biography And Adventures in Europe and America. Boston: William White & Co.

The author of the above volume, has not, we are glad to see, contented himself with the mere recital of those wonderful "manifestations" which have made the "Davenport boys" so famous; but has given, as a prelude to their history, many facts in relation to the psychological and spiritual peculiarities of their ancestry. If "mediumship" is an established law in the economy of the Creation, if it is as much a faculty of the human brain, as the powers of sight, hearing, understanding, etc., (and Spiritualists believe it to be so,) then we shall find it transmitted from generation to generation—drifting in its flow down the stream of Time, from those heavenly gardens where they first take root and blossom; we shall prove it, firstly, by this very natural law of transmission from parent to child.

If we may trust entirely the records and researches of our author, these Davenport children, may have inherited their magnetic or mediumistic peculiarities from both the paternal and maternal side; each, especially the latter, being quite remarkable for "second-sight" and other phases of spiritual development.

That the brothers have been detected in trickery (and undoubtedly they have,) proves simply, what is only natural, that mediums of this class—very among the number—do not stand upon so high a moral and religious plane, as to be necessarily pronounced strictly honest; but does not disprove the fact that spirits may and do use them as instruments for demonstrating their power and presence. It is quite important that the investigator should have it impressed upon his mind on the start, that purity of character is not a certain accompaniment of magnetic or odic force; the one being entirely spiritual in its nature, the other at least semi-material, and often largely possessed by those who are quite grossly organized.

If, however, these brothers whose claims we are considering, have really been detected in fraud, we trust, (as man is a progressive being,) they have risen beyond such "capabilities." They would seem to have powers sufficiently astonishing to startle a world, without resort tolegerdemain.

The history, which lies before us, is well-written, and full of wonders; moreover it appears to exculpate the Brothers from the charges against them—whether justly or not it is impossible to tell, as in such a case, we have but assertion and counter-assertion to aid us in coming to a decision. The book is a readable one, and has a picture of Ira and William Davenport for a frontispiece. All will be more or less interested in its perusal, for it is complete in its details and exhaustive of the subject of the mediumship of this remarkable family. We commend it to the perusal of sceptic and investigator; believers will not require our recommendation.

RUBY GRAY'S STRATEGY. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; Author of "Fashion and Fame," "The Soldier's Orphan," "The Heiress," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Chicago: Western News Co.

On glancing through "Ruby Gray's Strategy," we find the rare power of touching the heart by the recital of homely details, that a less gifted writer would scorn. The author excels in depicting true motherhood; and in the old washwoman we find a character common among uncultivated women—outwardly cold, almost harsh, but full at the heart of all self-sacrificing kindness. We are less for "Ruby Gray," the woman of fashion and art; and feel somewhat impatient of all the details of her maneuvering and plotting; nor are our sympathies greatly drawn toward the happy lovers of the story. But we feel a thrill of pleasure in the success of "Mandy Clark," and of sorrow for the grotesque misery of her brother "Billy."

Mrs. Stephens certainly excels in depicting some phases of human nature, and individualizes her characters well. She succeeds in arousing interest, and her works are morally unexcep-

tionable—depending on no vulgar sensations for effect.

FLORIDA: Its Climate, Soil and Productions; with a Sketch of its History, Natural Features and Social Condition. Being a Manual of Reliable Information Concerning the Resources of the State and the Inducements Which it Offers to Immigrants. By the Editor of the "True Southerner." Jacksonville, Florida: L. F. Dewy & Co.

Our Northern farmers and laborers, who have been seized with a desire to test the mild climate and rich resources of our Southern states, should send at once for this manual. The information it gives is doubtless reliable, and it appears to contain every item necessary to give the inquirer an understanding of the advantages of Florida as a residence, business-place and market. Crops and fruits are all described, with the probable cost of growing, the productiveness of each, and the usual market-prices. The expense of living is also carefully computed, so that the immigrant could scarcely require better data from which to calculate his chances of success.

MANUEL OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. By W. Grauert. New York: E. Steiger. We have so much of the German element in our population, and such a constant influx from the "Fatherland," that a superficial knowledge of the language is quite easily obtained. But students and lovers of literature desire a more correct acquaintance with it; understanding what choice repasts are in store for them, at the tables spread by Goethe, Schiller, Kant, and other great philosophers and poets of Germany. An advance copy of this manual, is at hand; and we are favorably impressed with its excellent adaptation to the wants of both Americans and Germans. The exercises are admirable, and the analysis of the language such as to give learners the best possible understanding of it, that could be obtained in so small a treatise.

"AID'S GERMAN HANDWRITING," being a Companion to the German Grammar and Reader. New York: E. Steiger.

Here is another book for students of the German tongue. Since one who has obtained sufficient knowledge of the language to read well, desires at the same time the accomplishment of being able to write it with correctness, this small work will be of great value. We recommend it heartily to the notice of the scholar.

PERSONAL.

—A Mrs. Folkman has entered a law office at Lawrence, Kansas, as a student.

—Mrs. Porter, the new Louisville Post-mistress, has given the \$150,000 bonds required by her position.

—Lopez, the Paraguayan commander, is supposed to have fled into Bolivia with a handful of his followers.

—Secretary Robeson complains that he is pestered by women seeking to get employment for their male relatives.

—Engenie has invented a "toilet car," in which she can beguile the irksomeness of travel, by continually changing her dress.

—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is still in Frankfort, Germany, living in great retirement in very unpretending quarters. She sees but few persons, and those generally American ladies.

—General Acerbi, one of the most faithful companions of Garibaldi, has just died in Florence. Notwithstanding his numerous conquests, he was without means to pay the expense of his funeral.

—The ceremonies attending the funeral of the Flemish painter, Baron Henry Leys, whose death was announced a few weeks since, took place on the 31st ult., at Antwerp, with all the honors usually paid to the remains of a king.

—The son of the Emir of Boukhar, a young man of fourteen, and of agreeable exterior, has arrived at St. Petersburg, to complete his education as a page at the Russian Court. He brought with him three elephants, as a present from his father to the Czar.

—Miss Vinnie Ream, the sculptress, is employed upon busts of Peter Hyacinth, the famous preacher; Gen. Fremont and Mr. Meredith Read, our Consul at Paris. Mr. Washburne and Gustave Dore have promised to sit for her, and Vinnie will soon go to Rome to fulfill these commissions.

Bismarck is said to be utterly opposed to restoring to the ex-King of Hanover and the ex-Prince of Hesse-Cassel, any of the property that was taken from them in consequence of their rebellious intrigues. The King of Prussia, however, is ready to grant all that the dethroned Princes ask in this respect, provided they will first go down on their knees before him.

The King of Wurtemberg, who is one of the crowned monarchs of Germany, some time intended to order all his officials, even the teachers in the Latin schools, to wear green uniforms of a certain cut, and made after drawings upon which His Majesty had spent what little ingenuity he possessed. The earnest and imperious remonstrances of the Queen, however, finally induced him to drop the ridiculous plan.

—A young Philadelphian, who has been in Paris dining with Rosa Bonheur, thus gossips about her: "She has a Frenchman's way of placing her index finger along the full length of her nose, which I never before saw a woman do; and she casts her hair on one side, as if to let it fall on her forehead. It is entirely gray, except where it is snow-white. Indeed, the lady looks older than her mother. She talks energetically, clearly, and rather dialectically, but is extremely pleasant. Harry showed her his pistol, and she said: 'Oh, yes, I know, I carry one just like it,' and pulled it out of her pocket to show it to us. As it was loaded it frightened the family considerably to see her manoeuvre it in her off-hand way. After dinner she smoked her cigar like the gentlemen of the party."

Chicago to New York.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway began, on Monday, Aug. 23, to run a palace sleeping car between this city and New York without change. The route is via Buffalo, New York Central and Hudson River railroads, and is one of the most pleasant and easy between the metropolis of the East and that of the West. Berths may be secured and all necessary information obtained of F. E. Morse, Esq., General Western Passenger Agent, at the Company's office, No. 56 Clark street.

—Mrs. S. A. Waterman, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometer and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, etc. Terms \$3 to \$5 and three 8-cent stamps. Send for a circular.

D. M. GRAHAM. J. W. FREE. D. L. PERRY. Notary Public.

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MORTON HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hitherto, the question has been "What shall be done with the multitudes who desire to be healed?" "Where can invalids go for this most natural remedy (Magnetism) and receive the comforts of home?"

DR. J. WILBUR,

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OF

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THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 23, 1899.

HOW WOMEN FEEL IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI.

I have just been reading a sketch in THE UNIVERSE, under the title "Woman's Rights." It was written by one of those philanthropic men who are willing one-half of the world should rust in idleness, while the other half wears out in working for them. In this way both classes go down together—a sure consequence when the blind lead the blind. Your correspondent is not willing to see the tender sex take upon themselves the burden of self-government; not that they would be any the worse for it, for he perfectly appreciates their goodness and virtuous influence. I only wonder that he does not seriously regret that there are so many, and (to many women) impossible duties, inseparably connected with the right of suffrage. I expect yet to hear of him shedding tears of sympathy, over the fate of those unfortunate, who have ruthlessly entered the arena of politics, only to find themselves the victims of an inexorable fate, which gives them power and position, whether they desire those honors or not. They will have to work the road, will be dragged into the army; although universally acknowledged to be physically incapable of such labors.

I wonder why men who do not like executive power, hard work, or fighting, do not relinquish their right to vote, and thus free themselves entirely, from all hardships. But although I have often heard of men who were exempt from working roads, and doing soldiers' duty, on account of age, or other physical disability, I never knew that it interfered at all with their right of suffrage. I always thought that taxation and representation were or should be inseparable; yet I know many women who pay heavy taxes, and have not even the appearance of representation. Having given up their husbands in defense of that Union, in which they glory, and being left almost destitute by the war, they have begun again, and are helping build up a government in which they have no voice. The gentleman only theorizes; and uses a theory so old and so often proven false by stubborn facts, that it is evident nothing but unthinking prejudice could persist in repeating it.

My home is among the Ozark hills of Southwest Mo., and I know of many facts which seem incredible to Northern Illinois. I have seen women performing all kinds of manual labor; rivaling the "lords of creation" in the forest, clearing ground, making rails, working in the cornfield and harvest field, wagoning, and not only driving and taking care of their own teams, but often stopping to improve the roads over which they travel. These women are strong, healthy and happy; and not many would exchange their freedom for a more pampered slavery. That women can and have withstood the hardships of many campaigns, history repeatedly shows.

Egotistical men think they know what woman is qualified for, better than she herself knows. They conclude the nature of one to be that of the whole. But women were not all made for housekeepers, any more than all men, for farmers. The lives of many are a burden to themselves and friends, because custom prevents them from occupying the position for which nature has qualified them. And it were a pity any time or talent should be lost, when the world is so needy in every department. In view of the present scarcity of men, when compared with the women of the country, I, for one, am willing that the hardships be more equally divided. I do not think it right for one part of mankind to waste under the cares of life, to support the rest in unhealthy, soul-destroying ease. At present, women suffer from two extremes. They are either the mere drudge of man, or his plaything. Neither of which will qualify them for the all-important work of forming souls for eternity. And men and women, who will not strive to endow their offspring with every natural advantage, should never take upon themselves the holy office of parent.

Mr. Hoag says, "Influence is woman's power." In the name of common sense then, why not give her a chance to use it for some good? Is he so blind that he can see no difference between an intelligent woman, who informs herself on all the questions of the day, keeps up with the improvements of the time, and thus qualifies herself to judge between right and wrong, and one who is content to know nothing only as her husband tells her?—which, in Southwest Mo. as well as in many other places, is very little; owing to the fact, that men take so little pains to inform themselves. Mr. Hoag's idea that men vote as their wives and mothers wish, seems quite an absurdity to me, who seldom hear women speak of politics only as something in which they have no interest, or merely to repeat what their husbands have said.

Cassell, Barry Co., Mo.

INTELLIGENCE AND THE BIBLE.

The intelligence prevailing in a city where the Bible stands a chance of being kicked out of the public schools, may be guessed at by the following directions written on letters deposited in the Cincinnati post-office: "Mr. Malroni, here of Mister Muldoon, forinst the Protestant Church, New York." "Miss Marian Elish Plunkett, pigun hll post-office, near the river Arkansas." "James Prince, Esq., California." "Henry C. Everer, treasurer of the Excelsior base-ball club, Illinois." "M. Guillaume Favier, Rue de Fremont, Ville de Cassillans, des Etats Unis, Nord Amerique." "Bill Clements, at Cross Roads, Buron Mount, Kintucki." "Heimath von Schappen simitapensil." "Secretary of the Insurance Company, Philadelphia." "To the Hon. Rev. Mr. Nasby, care of Mr. Bascom, at the Corners, Kentucky." "Charles Camenschmidz, at the boarding-house on Cairo St., Richmond." "Mikol Kelly, hods man, Sinsrath." "Mr. Edgar Smith, (no city or State given)." "To the member of Congress from Ohio."—Detroit Tribune.

We have often been at a loss to decide what purpose Protestants really think the Bible serves in the Public Sch. One maintains it is to prevent the schools from being religious; and then to prevent their being infidel. But the Detroit Tribune sets the matter at rest. The object of having the Bible in the schools is to teach the letter subscription.

Now since the Bible has been in use in Cincinnati from the opening of its schools, and is still in use there, the above specimens are a sufficient proof of its worthlessness for the purpose it is designed to serve; and it is evidently high time to change the text-book.—Western Catholic.

Written for the Universe.

THE REAL ENEMIES OF SOCIETY.

BY ELOISE MILES ABBOTT.

The chief enemies of Society, and those formidable, are unfortunately those from whom the world fears the least. In no one thing is the fallibility of human wisdom more apparent, than in the class of offences that the legislators have designated to wear the brand of criminality. True, we boast of justice, but, so long as laws inflict the most rigorous punishment on the least injurious crimes, while the most pernicious wrongs riot before their eyes, pretensions are openly belied.

The half starved child who floats along the filthy sewers and smoky lanes of penury, nakedness and desertion, must be lodged in a cold, dark prison, for having fed himself with a loaf of his neighbor's bread; but he, who stabs reputation in the dark, smothered talent, and robs innocence, is not only permitted to go at large unvisited by human punishment, but is considered, in the eyes of the world, respectable.

How many a christian church is disgraced, if the world regarded such crimes as disgraceful, with those, whose deliberate and unguessed life-purpose is robbery, and who steal by wholesale, without the common provocation of want, with never an atoning, generous act. In the height of their worldly prosperity, and wallowing in the wealth of their ill-gotten gains, they die, trying to ease their tortured conscience with a counterfeit religion. The surviving relatives rear the monumental marble, and the church suggests and inscribes the lying epitaph! Legislation ought to take its tone from public opinion, but the facts are "vice versa," and both are in a degree blind to those sins, whose enormous proportions the understanding cannot measure, at the same time they are pursuing, with the tenacity of the blood hound, to the remotest verge of the earth, those transient and insane expressions of evil, which go to make up the most important staple of newspaper traffic, and over crowd the columns of criminal records. Such items are read with more interest by those who have run away with the delusion that they are pious, than the most labored dissertation would be on reform in the social relation, especially if such effort were sent out to the world by one wearing the brand of heretic. This alarm of heresy-phobia which is so easily raised, is a convenient weapon, and never stops to see whether its victims only wear the label of "mad," or do really foam at the mouth. These same guardians of society, who come to us under a variety of respectable disguises, can smile approvingly on its secret enemies, and promote them to stations of honor and opulence, who ravish the soul of its jewels, of its faith in humanity, its love, and true beauty, leaving only the mocking semblance of its natural gifts. How much more culpable are such wretches in the sight of God, and all true purity, than those who carry only the common weapons of the assassin and the burglar!

And yet society and legislators demand that the latter should be incarcerated in dungeons, while the former are reclining at tables of luxury, loaded with viands, sitting, also, at their ease, on velvet cushions, in extravagant churches, partaking of the bread and wine of hypocrisy at the communion table. Here, too, the spirit of intolerance, which is another enemy of society, is nourished with more care than the spirit of Jesus. How mournful has been the work of this spirit in the earth! and this too in the name of religion!—tearing asunder the bonds of brotherhood which should be recognized in every child of the human race, and is in itself the great element of true religion. It denies the human mind that liberty of thought and faith which is its noblest and God-given right, and forces the soul into arbitrary alliance with dogmas the most weak and absurd.

If this murderous spirit pervaded only the bosom of the church, we could thank God and take courage; but it ripples in the bosom of society, though not, as it once did, with instruments of torture. The press and the pulpit have taken the work to do in a different way, not only persecuting outsiders, but each other. How little is there in the spirit of the different sects, to indicate that they are marshalled under one banner, and taking their orders from one leader. Each one says—Sign our creed, and glorify our Zion, or be outcasts and vagabonds among men, and, at last be shut out of heaven. Speaking of the spirit of calumny, Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds, says: "It is preeminently the scourge of civilized life; the bane of social intercourse. It is the terror of all classes; it selects its choicest victims from the gentle and the distinguished. Woman, innocent, generous, affectionate woman, has ever been the chief sufferer. Calumny has driven her from the world, blighted in her hopes and her love, dishonored in circles over which she might have reigned as a sovereign, and enclosed within the dreariness of a scene to which only a broken heart could minister. Genius has drunk with beauty of this bitter cup. Possessing a large endowment of feminine sensitiveness, men of the most beneficent genius, have walked through time, with a crown of thorns, their spirit-striving eyes directed to the Infinite, while their reputations were being mangled by the dissecting hand of the traducer. And, what is still more shocking, the traducer, in numerous cases, did not cease his unhalloved work, when the heart of his victim was still, in death! No; not content with having rendered his life wretched, he would taint with shame the wronged man's memory! It was not enough to abuse the minds of his contemporaries; he must enhance the damnable crime, by sending his detractions down to posterity!

"Oh, how many souls have passed from the world, whose epitaphs, could they be truly written, would burn the marble on which they were recorded, and convulse the living generations like one rising from the dead!"

"GENESIS AND GEOLOGY."

The New York Revolution, commenting on the Rev. Dr. Thompson's book on "Man in Genesis and Geology," says: "His chapters on Woman and Labor are unsatisfactory and unphilosophical to the last degree. The author has a perceptive rather than reflective intellect; he skims on the surface, but never deals with principles. After speaking of the dignity of man, and the divine harmony of society, with delightful confidence and assurance, he expresses an agonized fear lest the ballot in the hand of woman would jostle the social system to its very center. It is evident the Rev. gentleman thinks that conjugal love and maternal

devotion are based on the limitations of the State Constitution.

"A remedy for the extremes of wealth and poverty to him is not possible. Although we have tried both and failed, he looks to the family and Christianity for their only mitigation. He hints at no great law of political economy underlying the relations of Capital and Labor, at none of the abuses of trade, finance and land-monopoly. But leaving the mass of humanity reeking with filth, drunkenness, and loathsomeness in their garrets and cellars, he exclaims, 'how wonderful the care and love of God for man,' and ends the volume with a 'Glory, Hallelujah!'"

MRS. STANTON AND MISS ANTHONY.

BY J. ALEXANDER PATTEN.

The newspapers are full of the public doings of "Woman's Rights Woman," but not much has been said of their private relations. A common impression prevails that they retire from the public gaze to homes where the "lord of creation" is very much shorn of his dignity and power. In fact, during the twenty years that the movement has been in progress, it has been regarded more as an effort of viragoes battling for the supremacy of the broomstick, than as a claim for the just rights of a sex. Crowds of the curious have heard the warm, earnest, and eloquent words of Mrs. Stanton, and the sharp, emphatic, and not less fluent speeches of Miss Anthony, and they have regarded them as simply the wrangle and spite of women who were deficient of the ancient rules of domestic government and social propriety.

Now, we do not propose to discuss this question of women's rights, and at present are free to say that we are not among the friends of the movement. But it is certainly looming up into importance, both to this country and to England, as a vital and serious issue of the day, and must be met. The plaintive wail of the Hon. Mrs. Norton that "Woman has no rights, but only wrongs," is a text which, for the first time in the history of the human race, is to meet with intelligent investigation and decision. In view of this condition of the popular mind, we have thought that it would be of interest to draw the veil, and show something of the characteristics in private life of two of the chief promoters of the movement in the United States.

A large class of people regard Susan B. Anthony as a public horror. They look upon her as some sort of witch who rides about the country on a broomstick, stirring up mischief in the body politic and family circle. The awful specter which were seen in the days of witchcraft, haunt and terrify the family man when he thinks of the teaching that he regards as modern witchcraft. His witch is a lean, skinny old woman of the ancient pattern. She has bones that rattle and crack within their case of dry and mummy-colored skin; her little, round eyes glare and dart like living coals, and her long, thin fingers grasp her broomstick, as if it could be changed in a moment from a chert to a cudgel. As he ponders over the new and revolutionary doctrines, he beholds this hideous spectre at every turn. He hears its mocking giggle at home when he issues his mandates; it flashes its withering glances at him in the business hours; and when he composes himself to slumber, he dreams that the cold, bloodless hand of the same spectre is putting a ballot into the receptacle for public suffrage.

Is this picture overdrawn? Ask nine men out of every ten to give you their idea of Miss Anthony, and they will describe you a woman unsexed—a witch personified. They dry, tan, and shrivel her, and drain her heart of everything but hate of man. The say no woman with blood and fat was ever in such work as she is engaged in. Caesar saw conspiracy and treason in a thin man, and these good people see in only hideous objects and worse actions the plotters against man's supremacy.

Having thus described the hobgoblin of the public mind, let us come to the person herself. Miss Anthony is a lady of middle age, tall, and well-proportioned. She has not only size, but weight, and while she might probably "ride a rail," we think she would hardly trust herself to a broomstick. Her head is of the average size, with marked intellectual development, and her countenance bespeaks not less an amiable than a strong character. She wears gold spectacles, and when she looks through them "straight at you," which is very much her habit, you see that her face is far from an ordinary one. Though it is thin, the features are regular and highly expressive. Intelligence, morality, kindness, and affection can all be seen, while the firm mouth and unflinching eye show that she has will and courage. Her dress is plain, but not without taste. She does not run into any of the extremes of female fashion, nor has she adopted, as might be supposed, any that belong to the male sex. She wears her hair combed smooth in the old-fashioned style, and her only ornaments of jewelry is a plain breastpin. Her manners are unassuming, respectful, and modest. She is fond of talking, and does it well, but she never thrusts her "hobby" upon you unless you show a disposition to discuss it.

At other times she chats on the ordinary topics of the day, as other women do, except that she shows a wider scope of reflection and observation. She eats three meals a day, but protests against six o'clock dinners. Meat, fish, vegetables, berries, and fruit are some of the staples of her diet, like other mortals. She has a weakness for boiled potatoes, and strawberries and peaches with cream are her especial delight. Even family men, proud of their rights and resolved to maintain them, who come in contact with Miss Anthony under these circumstances, are obliged to admit that she is a most healthy, hearty, and social sort of witch. Instead of navigating the air on a broomstick, she walks on terra-firma with the propriety of manners and conversation which characterize other respectable people, and instead of compounding her food of mysterious herbs and juices, she has a daily hankering for meat and boiled potatoes. She has blood to enrich, flesh to fatten, and strength to require the same as the rest of the human family. Civil, good-natured, and kind, she shows that she lives obedient to every rule of womanly and social duty. Engaged as she is in a "revolution" in a sharp encounter with the sensitive in her own conduct of the ladylike as she is, in her public character, she exhibits in her private walks only cheerfulness, amiability, and prudence, which are justly enumerated among the highest of the domestic virtues.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is "fair, fat, and forty." Of the middle height, she is round, solid, and erect. There is no disproportion—no overload of fat—no masses of sinews—no ponderous growth of bone. But there is a graceful rotundity, a substantially knit structure, and a hiding of all leanness in laughing fat. She treads along with a footfall which would scarcely crush a flower, but she bears the burden of say one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. Her head is the type of Mrs. Washington, and those other peerless beauties of the early times. It is massive in every way—as a whole or taking each feature in detail—but this massiveness is majesty and beauty, not uncouth hugeness. Then it is a face in which there is not only the highest order of intellectuality, but of that tender and amiable expression without which no female countenance is perfect. Her hair is silver gray, and gives her a venerable appearance, though her face is still youthful. The eyes are soft and merry, and the smile is one that suffuses every feature with sunny light. Her voice is extremely musical, and her chaste words flow with remarkable fluency. Our country has few women of better conversational powers, or who have such exquisite polish, humor, and pathos of utterance. She can discuss not only learned topics, but she can "keep the table in a roar" with equal ease. In fact, her nature inclines her to the cheerful side of life, and all her conversation is more or less sparkling with wit and humor. Her manners are graceful and cordial, but always marked by a natural dignity. She is much more dressy than Miss Anthony, but does not show any especial vanity in it. The mother of a family of children, some of them grown up, she looks the picture of matronly maturity and dignity.

The two ladies we have described are the "head and front" of the woman's rights movement. They are the leaders of the witches, spectres, ghosts, conspiring against the peace and dignity of men. The public mind has begun to regard their assemblages as not dissimilar from those of incanting hags about boiling pots of hellish broth, and their dreadful visages and woful doings are the very nightmares of many a timid mind.

Now let us come back to the fact and reality. Let us learn that this battle of rights is with flesh and blood, and genuine women. Let us take courage in the knowledge that they neither scratch, bite, nor bewitch, nor do anything else which is dangerous to personal safety and public order. They are women engaged in a crusade for what they deem to be their rights. They have put their brains, energies, and money in the work, but it is false to say that they have put on any amount of unbecomingly person or manners which should cause dread and horror with which they are regarded. Shylock very pointedly inquired whether the same mental and physical sensitiveness did not exist in the Jew as the Christian, and Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton may well inquire wherein they differ from other women, except in asking for what they call their "rights."—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Written for The Universe.

CHANCE-THOUGHTS.

As it is popular to "correspond," instead of "wasting thoughts on the desert air," I will review Sunday's reading and note current topics. Francis Barry's article in THE UNIVERSE, criticising "Abolition of Marriage," from such a "non-compromise" standpoint, excites my admiration of his well-balanced mind. As human contracts must be more or less imperfect—whenever found oppressive to either party, they should be annulled, and more harmonious alliances formed. Persons can live truer to themselves and others in this way, notwithstanding "church doctrines of the husband's eternal ownership of his wife." The days of slavery are fading out, and not until the last ray is obliterated, will society emerge from its depravity, so much preached about every seventh day.

The "Good time Coming," written by Mrs. F. A. L., thanking God that some crushed souls have already arisen and broken the chains—no longer dependent upon despotism for support, differs very much from the "Fashionable Intelligence" that parades before the public the sacred affections, sacrificed on the altar of Mammon, (judging by the extravagant Weddings and Millionaire requirements to bind two loving hearts); but as high church ceremonies in "full dress" add much to the solemnity of such occasions, the future can be very easily veiled from the unsuspecting, just assuming life's responsibilities.

Peregrine Pickle of the Tribune and Pointe of the Times, make their debut Oct. 12th at Farwell Hall, two worthies, that I am anxious to behold; but as my "protector" will be absent, I must forego that pleasure until women are able to visit places of entertainment unmolested by "curs" on every street corner after 6 P. M.; or, like Fanny Fern, I must don an old cloak, a basket on one arm, to walk at leisure without fear of insult. I must forgive Mr. Pickle's ungallant attack on "Woman suffragists," as he redeemed himself by outspoken ideas of Nature's God in comparison with the "four walled religion" at so much per year. Better have "Lake Forest" on the brain, (though the atmosphere be Presbyterian colored,) and worship according to the dictates of conscience, than be bound to a religion in league with "Old Hengie, to scalp and scold poor wretches." Divinity in man will rebel at priestly rule, assert its supreme rights—despite that Pharisaical authority so eloquently given, but practically ignored.

Admiral Farragut is lying dangerously ill, at the Sherman House, surrounded by numerous M. D.s; and should his constitution be vigorous enough to survive the potions and blisters, all well; otherwise of course—a dispensation of Providence. Without consulting natural methods of imparting vitality to a wasted organism, Chicago affords "unpopular heaters," outside the medical fraternity, operating as successfully as the "Gifted" of other ages, by the laying on of hands. This is little understood by the masses. It has been subject to ridicule and explained by the lame church argument—"The Devils works."

A few facts may give proof of this healing art in our midst. Last week, a blind lady was restored to sight by one treatment, after being led into the presence of a noted healer of this city. A number of witnesses saw the wonderful operation, which might set the faculty thinking. My own life has been prolonged on earth by this power, after physicians could not master a deep seated disease. My nature must allow a due appreciation of higher intelligences and an utter lack of confidence in medicine prescribed to save the body, whether in accordance with divine laws or not. For the sake of humanity, I hope the veil will be removed ere long, and the world live, by the instruction of progressed beings, in harmony with Nature, mentally, physically and socially, as this only can be the royal road to happiness and salvation.

My notes have become a lengthy article; therefore I will resume the reading of J. M. Peebles' "Seers of the Ages." Thus far it teaches that we are not much advanced from four thousand years ago, although conceited wisdom might differ in opinion. A. T. M. Chicago.

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OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

[The following pronouncement, issued by THE CHICAGOAN in February last, as its "platform" on the Woman Question, has received emphatic commendation, as indicating the fundamental principles embodied in the present efforts for social reorganization. We have been repeatedly requested to keep it before our readers, as the central ground upon which those aiming to remove social wrongs can gather, and as presenting the true basis on which the new social structure must be reared.]

We are on the threshold of a new era, the introduction of which will be marked with a revolution more radical than has ever before been known in the world's history. Systems which have grown hoary with the centuries, anshrined in the holy garb of ecclesiastical authority and sanction, accepted with unquestioning reverence by the race, and almost inextricably interwoven into the whole social, religious and political fabric, are now being assailed with fierce, unflinching criticism by thinking and practical men and women of these latter days. These systems are denounced as holding one-half of the race in a bondage more despicable and degrading than that which has characterized any other of the slaveries which man has selfishly maintained since the fabled expulsion from Eden.

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disavowance of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inhere in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the abolishment of numerous usages and fashions that foster and feed man's passions, until they have control of his being, requiring the continuous sacrifice of woman on the altar of lust. It means that the selection of companions in the most sacred relation of the sexes shall not be the exclusive prerogative of man, if, indeed, as physiological laws and comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

Such is the ultimate of the present movement in behalf of Woman, and only to this will it come at last. Whether it will be sooner or later, depends upon the wisdom, the courage, and the strength of its advocates. It is plain that, unassisted, Woman cannot speedily accomplish the work. Repressed and dwarfed by false teachings and worse customs, through the ages, it is wonderful that she should have wisdom, courage or strength, even to take an humble part, much more to inaugurate the grand work of instantment in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is untutored in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the extreme tension, and susceptible to the influence of every wind of false doctrine and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive or, at least, only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no honied words, nor equivocal phrases, to win the favor and assistance of men who, otherwise, would spurn them. By demanding all, they will get more, than by asking only half of that which they know they should have. The sooner the issue is joined and the position of the respective parties in this "irrepressible conflict" is clearly and fully understood, the sooner will the grand triumph be accomplished—for triumph will surely come, though the struggle may be, at the best, bitter and protracted.

On this platform does the Chicagoan [now THE UNIVERSE] advocate the cause of woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved,—that, in the granting of "woman suffrage"—to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this arch system inviolate as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its deformities and all its virtues—all its basest and its highest uses—all the diseases, disorders, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

Let agitation come!—who fears? We need a flood; the fifth of years gashed round us. Roll, then, on! What cannot stand had best be gone!

The Czar has published an ukase, abolishing the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood, which is now a caste, comprising 700,000 families. The right to obtain ordination is now extended to all, while a priest's son can betake himself to ordinary life. It is probable that the motive of this remarkable measure, which has almost escaped attention in Western Europe, was to break up a powerful *imperium in imperio*, but its effect, will probably be to dissolve the ice-like rigidity and coldness of the Russian, ecclesiastical system. The new priests will be more like ordinary human beings—a great gain.

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—A Newark couple were lately married and divorced between two suns.

—A girl, twelve years old, has been rescued from a house of ill-fame at St. Joseph, Mo.

—Alfred Robb, of Chicago, has commenced suit against Jane Robb for cruelty and desertion.

—On Monday last a negro girl, aged sixteen, of Walton, Boone county, Ky., gave birth to four children, all boys!

—A young woman went to a temperance lecture in Brooklyn, the other evening, and eloped with her escort at the close.

—The wife of George Newbanks lately died at Burton, Ill., under circumstances leading to suspicion of poisoning by her husband.

—Elizabeth Hartig is suing for a divorce, in the Chicago Superior Court, from Thomas Hartig, on the grounds of cruelty and adultery.

—George Rose was divorced in the Recorder's Court, Chicago, from Melissa Rose on the grounds of drunkenness, adultery and assault.

—The Providence Press complains that the best seats at the places of amusement in that city are monopolized by the representatives of the "social evil."

—In Chicago, Mary Work was lately deft from John Work, late of California, on account of excessive intemperance, extreme cruelty, and desertion.

—Last week, Christiana Johnson was released from Nelson Johnson by the Superior Court, Chicago, on account of his cruelty, vulgarity and neglect.

—Anna Maria Laumann, of Chicago, has just applied for divorce from Christopher Laumann, on the grounds of his habitual drunkenness and threats on her life.

—On Saturday last, at Oshkosh, Wis., Judge Washburn sentenced Henry Toucey, a half-breed Indian, to twenty years in the Penitentiary for the crime of rape.

—Judge Aaron Van Wosmer, of Missouri, is declared to be at the head of the legal profession there. He divorced himself from his own wife in his own court.

—A Mississippi Judge has just decided that the intermarriage of whites and negroes "is lawful in the State of Mississippi," the law of the State to the contrary notwithstanding.

—A gentleman made a sad mistake the other day, in mentally deciding that a grass widow must necessarily be verdant. He stood upon that basis, and found that the emerald hue was all on his own side of the house.

—In the Recorder's Court, Chicago, John Tinsley Patchen was divorced, last week, from Sarah Patchen, after a marriage of 27 years' duration, during which she was charged with cruel treatment. She deserted him in 1877.

—One Alexander Graviotto, an Italian, in New Orleans, lately shot and killed his wife, whose decided unwillingness to give up the management of one boarding-house for that of another, he thought founded in social infidelity on her part.

—A family arrived, a few weeks ago, in New Orleans on their way to Texas. The husband here left his wife and child, taking with him \$5,000 in cash—the property of his wife—thus leaving her and child entirely destitute.

—A wedding company in a church in Arkansas was startled by a vigorous "no" from the bride, when she was asked if she would obey her husband. She was persuaded to reconsider her determination, and the ceremony was concluded.

—Alexander Dumas' last work is entitled "Les Madeines Repenties." (The Repentant Madeines.) He advocates the establishment of houses of refuge for fallen girls, such as St. Ann's Asylum in Paris, and the Magdalens in London.

—Martin Farington, 45 years of age, a married man, with wife and four small children, lately married the wife of Orville Elms, 26 years and no children, from this village. Mr. Elms is looking up his trust wife and missing property.—Saratoga.

—A physician at Waterford, Ireland, had a quarrel with his wife on the other day, at dinner, about what clergyman should baptize their baby. First he kicked over the dinner-table, and then read the newspaper, then he killed his wife with a gun and himself with a pistol.

—A "gentleman" stranger, one Mr. "Sterret," lately married a young girl in Quincy, Ill., but the day following revealed that Mr. Sterret was the same person as a swindling "general Porter" who, besides possessing several other names, is the friend of the girl ordered him to "go."

—Geo. Taylor, residing on South Market street, New Orleans, because of jealousy, it is stated, had for sometime lived in very unhappy domestic relations, he and his wife being mutually engaged in strife. Lately, while engaged in such domestic quarrel, he became infuriated at an expression of hers, and stabbed her seriously, if not fatally.

—A young man, Chas. Munch, came to New Orleans with the wife and four children of John Hasy, of Kansas City. Having discovered the love relation between his wife and Munch, Hasy took matters coolly, and as a matter of course, shortly after, at the rail road depot, when the party were leaving, he friendly bode them fare well.

—For some time past a disagreement had prevailed between Mr. McConnell and his wife, residing on St. Andrew street, New Orleans. Lately, when, during a quarrel, he struck his child, the wife cried "watch, watch," and a policeman arrived of whom the wife demanded the arrest of the husband, who shot and fatally wounded the member of the police.

—Allen W. Phillips, said to be a quick-physicsician, of Chicago, had frequently accused his wife of unfaithfulness, and several times assaulted her, for which he had been punished twice. He has since turned her out of doors, and compelled her to remain outside in the night. He lived with another woman, and a witness before the Recorder's Court of Chicago, last week, testified to having been desired by Phillips to make attempts to seduce his wife. A decree of divorce was granted her.

—In Washington Township, Ill., a young gentleman, Emson, courted a daughter of Mr. Jamison, with a view to marriage, contrary to the wishes of Mr. J., the stern parent, who trounced his daughter and took her home. She fled to a neighbor for protection. Emson was on hand, and when Mr. J., again sought his daughter, pistols were drawn on both sides, and several shot fired. The courage and pluck of the young man called out the admiration of the parent, and his blessing over the union of the lovers.

—Charles Dickens, in his public statement of the reasons why he and Mrs. Dickens separated, says that they had lived unhappily together for many years, being in all respects of a character and temperament wonderfully suited to each other; that they had made continual and mighty efforts to remain together; but, the estrangement increasing, and Mrs. D., feeling its effects on a mental disorder under which she sometimes labored, finally succeeded in persuading him to "reconstruct and re-arrange," even for their children's sake, the unhappy home. An amiable adjustment was effected.

—A marriage was solemnized at Utica, N. Y., as follows: The bridegroom, taking the right hand of the bride, said: "We have promised to protect each other so long as we live. We intend now to be united, and hereafter to live together husband and wife, and we have invited you to be present this evening to sanction our union according to the requirements of custom and the laws." The clergyman, in reply, said: "By the authority of these witnesses, I hereby (laying on his hands) recognize you as husband and wife in fulfillment of your promise." Prayer followed. Similar forms of marriage are being very common.

—Prince Pierre Bonaparte, born in 1815, son of an Epoux, Ardennes, married last year the wife of a noble workman of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and legitimized the two children of this alliance, a son 12 years and a daughter 8 years old. He has suddenly made a high appearance at the villa in Autent, and insists upon the recognition of his marriage by the Empeignate relatives. The Prince, who in the Chamber of Deputies was noted for his violence, is as irascible as ever and determined to conquer courtly honors for his wife or fight his cousin.

Express.....	8:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m.
st Line.....	4:00 p. m.	1:20 a. m.
ght Express.....	9:40 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
paraiso Accommodation...	5:10 p. m.	8:40 a. m.

Sunday excepted. Saturdays excepted. Mondays excepted.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 23, 1869.

LEONA.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[Competent literary critics have pronounced the following poem unsurpassed by any other production of its class in our language. It is perfect in rhyme, beautiful in figure and expression, and we know our readers will thank us for its reproduction.]

Leona, the hour dawns nigh,
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infantile song.

Just now as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half lifted revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning's light;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirit should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to overthrow; when the slanders' dart
Was ranking deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future, will blossom to bliss.
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold,
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day-kings surrender their banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad redoubts mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled,
On the walls of the west o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth;
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return,
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye; should the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome is brief
Over lowland and river, to me.

ETHEL'S FALSEHOOD.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

She was very happy, Ellinor Hastings, as the stage-coach bore her away from her home that soft, sunny spring morning. She had

two reasons for being so happy. First, she was going to take charge of the first school, and she looked for satisfaction in the simple discharge of school routines and duties, for she had ever considered it a desirable vocation; and then, she felt pleasure at the prospect of lifting from her parents the necessity of providing for her; for they were only in common circumstances, and there were two young brothers, her little sister Susie, and

next Ethel, to her in years, who still attended the academy, to be taken care of at home.

But her chief happiness this morning, was in the thought that Mr. Linton, the principal of the academy, whose tutorage she had been under for years, had asked her, just the day before, to become his wife at some time not very far distant; or had implied that such was his wish.

Time sped on pleasantly, for several weeks, with her new employment, which had proved even more pleasant than she had imagined it, and the interchange of letters between herself and her former tutor, Mr. Linton. But finally, those little bulletins, so important in their meaning to her, ceased to reach her. For three weeks she had sent hers, all the same, thinking it was owing to some irregularity in the mails. But, when there was no response to the fourth, she began to waver in the belief that it was altogether owing to this, and a sense of uneasiness, hard to bear, weighted her heart. A first, her pride forbade her seeking an explanation, even from her sister Ethel; but, at last she could bear the uncertainty no longer, and she wrote:

"Dearest Sister Ethel: It has been six weeks since I have heard one word from Mr. Linton. I write me, if you know of any cause for this. It cannot be that he is sick, or you would have mentioned it in your letters; though I notice that you never have spoken of him—not so much as by a little word, since I left home. Say nothing of this to any one, not even father or mother, but kindly write me at once, if you know of this."

Ever your loving sister,
ELLINOR."

In due time the following note was received from Ethel:

"My Dear Sister Ellinor: I am surprised to hear that Mr. Linton has become so indifferent as to delay, thus long, answering your letters. But you must forgive me when I say I think you were hardly justified in taking it for granted that he was in earnest that night he spoke of your becoming his wife. I was in the arbor, and could not avoid hearing what he said to you, but had no chance to tell you, as I meant to have done. Also, that he has said as much to me several times in banter, as I took it; and perhaps this account for his sudden coldness. He may see, from your letters, that you are holding him to more than he intended, and takes this way to annoy you. This is all surmise on my part, and deceive you. You must not let it trouble you. Of course you have his letters, and can judge from them better than I. Wishing you well, I must close, as the academy bell is ringing. Ever your own,
ETHEL."

Ethel Hastings was not a good girl. Not that she had her good qualities, but she

was to my mind a bad, deceitful girl, possessed of many dangerous qualities; and in this letter to her sister, she was shadowed out a part of her baser elements. But Ellinor was so honest herself, she never suspected duplicity in others; and when it was proved to her, if possible, she would extenuate it in them. It was so hard for her to believe in the truth, that some persons were systematically dishonest in many ways. Least of all, was she the one to believe in her sister, though she had been forced to admit to herself many times, that there was a leaning towards deceit. She had known her to even falsify, when driven to the wall.

"Ethel is right, perhaps," she said. "But there is a tone in her letter that pains me. Still her suggestion of judging by his letters, is a good one. I'll read them over. Perchance my understanding was blinded by my desires."

And so Ellinor re-read the letters. How different they seemed, now that her heart was awakened to suspicion.

"Yes, Ethel is right. I'm afraid I've been blinded in this matter. But I must say Mr. Linton has not acted the manly part, if he has trifled with me. I cannot seek an explanation, neither must I write again."

So the fond, beautiful dream faded from out her heart, and her life gathered gloom every day. When the appointed time for her to visit home arrived, she shrank from doing so. She could not meet her old tutor, Mr. Linton, and she passed the vacation at a farmhouse where a few summer guests were received.

The time sped on, as it does with us all, whether in joy or sorrow, and brought the closing day of school. In a week she was to leave for home.

On the evening following the last day of the term, she went to the office, as was her wont on her way home, and found a letter from her sister Ethel. She did not break the seal, preferring to read it in the quiet of her own chamber. Laying off her bonnet and scarf, she seated herself in her low chair before her pleasant window, and read:

"My own Dear Ellinor: I am afraid what I am about to write will pain you; but I know you will see at once that I am not responsible for what follows. I told you, in that first letter, that there was a possibility of your being mistaken as to Mr. Linton's intentions of making you his wife; and for proof that I was right, he is soon to be married. I should shrink from telling you to whom, were it not that I think you have become indifferent to him; and yet, I quite dread to say it,—he is to marry me, your sister Ethel!"

"I know your unselfishness—know if you loved him, and he did not esteem your love, and we both loved each other, you would give us a 'Godspeed.' Please come home, darling, for there are so many things to be done, and we are to be married in four weeks."

Ever your own,
ETHEL."

Ellinor Hastings went quietly about her preparations, and in two days after the reception of her sister's letter, she was at home.

"My dear girl, you look very pale and thin. I am afraid your school has been too much for you," said her mother that night, when they were alone together in Ellinor's chamber; "or is it the trouble between you and Mr. Linton? I cannot understand how you could have been so mistaken in your feelings, as to have accepted him. And then you seemed so happy in the prospect of being his wife?"

"What do you mean, mother?" interrupted Ellinor, in a calm voice, though her face had blanched white as a snow-drap.

"Now, my child, I know your goodness of heart. You do not even wish to have him appear in my eyes the rejected suitor. But it is vain for you to try to hide it from me. Ethel has told me all. How, upon time for reflection, you felt your love for him was that of a brother, instead of the love which she claimed; and also of the letter of dismission you sent him. It was a great blow to him, I think. He had a spell of sickness, here in the house, for he came here the very day he received your letter, to stay during his family's absence of a short time. I think this was the way he came to think of Ethel; for I am sure he loved you best. But she was kind and gentle, and ministered to him so tenderly, that, in his pain at your loss, he turned to her for comfort. And then, it occurred to him she would make him a good little wife, and seeing that she loved him, he proposed."

Ellinor heard her mother out without speaking, after the first; and though every word was barred, she gave no sign of her inward struggle. And when she had concluded her story, she simply said:

"There will be nothing gained by going over it. It is not a pleasant subject to me, mother, so you will excuse my reticence. All I can say is, I hope Ethel will be happy!"

For three weeks Ellinor sat stitching upon Ethel's wedding garments, pale, calm and self-possessed. She often met Mr. Linton, and with no apparent restraint. Hard as was her lot to bear, she felt that this was harder; and Ethel she thought the most deserving of pity of all. She would not have changed positions with her for one single moment; not even to become the wife of her tutor, whom she dearly loved—loved as only women like her are capable of loving.

Sometimes she feared she was not in the way of duty, not to deceive him. But how could she bring such a sorrow to her parents' hearts? How could she expose Ethel to the contempt of the man she was about to marry? She knew if she did so, it would at once break off the marriage, and she should always suffer in seeing her unhappiness. So she thought best to be quiet, to let things go on as they were, hoping that when once Ethel was the wife of John Linton, she would become a better woman—that it would, through God, work out her salvation. But there was one thing she decided. If no one else knew that she knew Ethel perjured herself to gain the hand of him who was to have been her husband, the man who still loved her—as she gathered from day to day—Ethel herself must know it—know of the sacrifice she had made to save her from open disgrace and life-long sorrow. Though I doubt if any sorrow could have been so hard to bear as the one she had brought upon herself! "I cannot bear to humiliate her," said Ellinor, as she went to her chamber the day on which she was to take her marriage-vows—"but I must show her her sin; it may save her from wrecking the happiness of both their lives!"

Pausing for a moment outside of Ethel's door, Ellinor lifted her heart upward for strength. Then turning the knob slowly, she went in.

Ethel sat in a large arm-chair, dressed in a gray muslin morning-gown, with a small linen collar turned over from her white throat, fastened with a knot of blue ribbon. Her hair was partially unbound, as if she had already commenced her toilet, but had left off in the midst of it, to think of what was before her. A startled look stole into her dark eyes as Ellinor entered.

"We have hardly passed any words together since I came home, Ethel, upon the subject that is uppermost in both our minds; viz: your marriage."

"I know it, Ellinor," replied Ethel; "but we have had so much to do, and I ought to be dressing now, darling. Will you assist me to arrange my hair?"

"Yes, Ethel, but be seated;" for Ethel had arisen. "First, I want to talk with you a little."

"But you will not be long," replied Ethel, evidently uneasy, "for I'm afraid I'll be nervous and flurried if I have to hurry. Here, sit down upon the hassock, and do not talk long. We can talk afterwards; I shall have two or three hours before leaving for the boat."

"No, I prefer to stand, Ethel;" and Ellinor rested one hand upon the arm of the sofa-lounge, while an expression of thoughtful sorrow settled upon her face. I think Ethel felt a premonition of what was coming, for she dropped her eyes guiltily, as if she could not meet the clear, searching gaze of her sister Ellinor.

"Are you happy, Ethel?" asked Ellinor.—"Is there no cloud over this your wedding day?"

"Happy? Of course. Why do you ask?" "Because, I think I would rather know you were not entirely so!"

"Why, Ellinor?" asked Ethel, with her eyes still bent downward.

"Do you think I do not know all, Ethel?" "All? Of course you know all—that I am to be John Linton's wife! Why should you not know all?"

"Yes, that you are to be, and that I should have been John Linton's wife, but for your falsehood, Ethel?"

"Ellinor—Ellinor, you know it! Then you know it! Then you will tell him and break my heart—I love him, oh, so much!" "No, not if my own heart breaks in saving yours! But oh, Ethel, remember the sacrifice I make, and let it help you to try to stand upon a higher moral plain. Never henceforth disseminate—never let a falsehood pollute your soul! If once John Linton should learn that you were not an honest woman, what love he has for you would die out."

"Do father and mother know of this, Ellinor?"

"No, the sorrow and shame of knowing you robbed me of my love, and gained him for a husband by your duplicity, would crush them!"

"Oh, Ellinor, sister, how good you have been! If I could only undo the past! Is it too late?"

"Yes, too late. Try to be good now."

"But can you forgive me? Did you love him so very much?—as well as I do?"

"I loved him as I loved my life; better, a hundred times. I've loved him for years, when I was too young to know it was love."

"And loving him so, you forgive me, Ellinor?"

"Yes, and I pray that God may forgive you as freely as I do. Now I have said all I have to say, and the subject must never be spoken of between us, after this."

"Must I not tell John Linton?"

"No nothing can be gained now. All you have to do is to be a good, true, honest wife to him—to make yourself worthy of the man who despises all that is not fair, and truthful, and honest. Seek to be worthy the love of God! When once you are that, you will need have no fears, Ethel."

Then Ellinor Hastings helped her sister Ethel for her bridal. And when she saw her united to the man who had loved her, whom she had thought to call "husband," she looked on, calm, and sweet, and tender, with not one shadow of bitterness in her soul. She felt nothing but pity for Ethel, that her marriage day should be shadowed by the bitter remembrance of wrong and duplicity!

Two years went by, and now, in the very room where Ethel was married, the solemn "burial-service" was being repeated for her. And then she was carried to the family burying-ground, and desolation settled upon the old homestead.

"I am going to travel for two years, Ellinor," said her brother-in-law, John Linton, a week after Ethel's death—"if you will take charge of my little Ethel."

"So he went, and Ellinor made the child the one thought of her life.

Two years went on,—three, and yet Mr. Linton tarried. Report said when he returned, he would bring a young and beautiful woman for his wife, to supply the place of his lost Ethel.

And Ellinor believed it, though she still went on loving him. She had not thought for three years and more that he had loved her. His love all seemed to be given to Ethel, after their marriage, and for this she was thankful; and more thankful that Ethel had striven to be worthy of it. But it must be admitted that when Ethel was gone, she cherished a hope that his heart might turn to her with a part of its former love. She could not bear to think she must be robbed of both Mr. Linton and his little Ethel, whose life seemed bound up in her own, as she would be if he married.

He had come, report said, accompanied by a beautiful woman, and stopped with her at his house, which had been undergoing renovations for the past two months. It was said, too, that he had come home rich. That he counted his money by hundreds of thousands—a legacy left him by a rich old uncle, who had died in Canton.

Ellinor sat at the west window, looking out sorrowfully, while awaiting the coming of her brother-in-law, and Ethel, in her pretty white dress and corals, fitted in and out, and calling at every man who passed: "Be you my papa?"

"Yes, darling, I am your papa," were the words that aroused Ellinor from her abstraction; and the next minute John Linton stood before her. She met him with calm self-possession, as was her wont, and after discussing family affairs freely, as a brother and sister might, and talking over other matters for a few moments, Ellinor braced herself to say:

"Why did you not bring your new wife with you, John?"

"I have none, as yet, Ellinor, but am intending to have one soon. I supposed you have thought as much, seeing the work of renovation and refurbishing going on at the old place."

"Yes, John, and I am glad for your sake; for I do not think you are a man who can live happily, outside of a home of your own. But is the lady you are to marry, fond of children? Will she make a good step-mother to my dear little Ethel?"

"I think I can answer both of your questions in the affirmative, Ellinor."

"Well, John, I am glad of this, for it lightens the blow of parting from my darling, Ethel's child. Of course she will come to you; it is right she should."

"I shall not go and leave you, mama Ellinor!" cried little Ethel, clambering upon her aunt's lap, and twining her dimpled arms about her neck.

"No, darling, not if you do not wish to go," answered her father.

"Then you will leave her with me, John—This is more than I dared hope, and I'm not sure that it is right, much as I would delight to keep her. But do you not wish me to return with you to pay my respects to your intended wife? She must feel quite alone, away so far from her friends."

"That is well thought of, Ellinor. My carriage is at the gate, and we'll take Ethel and drive over."

"Oh, how beautifully everything is arranged,—in what perfect taste!" said Ellinor, as they passed up to Mr. Linton's house. "I should never know the place for the same, save for the location."

If the outside arrangements had surprised Ellinor, much more did those of the interior! Such mirrors, and carpets, and pictures, and statues; such rare and beautiful curiosities, gathered from foreign lands; such costly books; in short, everything that could please the senses or instruct the mind, was gathered in John Linton's home.

Ellinor sat in the parlor, awaiting her brother-in-law's coming. He soon entered the room, accompanied by a fair and beautiful girl. Ellinor arose to welcome her, when she was surprised by these words:

"This is Ginevra Spencer, a lady who is to be a companion for my wife, and a sort of governess for my little Ethel."

Ellinor managed to hide her surprise as best she might, and entered into a conversation with the young lady, whom she found to be very sweet and interesting.

"Now, Ginevra," said Mr. Linton, "take Ethel into the drawing-room and show her her set of toy-dishes, her baby-house, and her family of wax dolls."

So the two danced off in their light-hearted glee, the one apparently as much of a child as the other. Then Ellinor said:

"I did not know you had brought a governess. She is very beautiful! But now, if you will introduce me to your intended wife, I shall be pleased, for I must go soon, John."

"Ellinor, my intended wife is here," and John Linton arose and presented Ellinor's hand to his own; "that is, if she will take me for a husband."

A glad cry escaped Ellinor's lips. She had kept down all show of sorrow, though her very heart was sick within her to think she was to lose the man she had so loved, for the second time,—the man she had loved so long. But this joy was too much for her; it overmastered her entirely. And with her head resting upon John Linton's faithful bosom, she wept the sweetest tears she had ever shed.

"May I stay here always, papa. It is so pretty," cried little Ethel, dancing in with one headless doll in her arms. "I didn't mean to kill it," she added, noticing that her father's eyes were turned that way, "but it was naughty, and jumped out of its little mama's arms." Then for the first time noticing her Aunt Ellinor's tears, she asked:

"Is that what makes you cry—because little Dolly is dead? Or are you afraid little Ethel is going to live here all the time, and leave you? No, no, I shall not do it. You must stay here and be my mama."

"So she shall, darling, and we will be very happy, all of us. God permitting it, Ellinor."

Then John Linton and Ellinor sat in the gathering twilight speaking of the past, and in reply to some remark, Ellinor said:

"And so you did not once dream that I had no part in the unfortunate chain of circumstances that separated us?"

"Not once, Ellinor."

"And up to the time of your marriage with poor, dear Ethel, never surmised that I loved you—saw no signs of the inward struggle that I was suffering?"

"Not once, Ellinor. And I think never a woman carried so calm an exterior while passing through such a fiery trial, as you. But, as I said, I had no thought but all your love for me was dead, and I was glad it should be, as I was the husband of another. But when my poor little Ethel was near dying, she told me all, and begged to be forgiven. She had been a good little wife to me, and I forgave her, Ellinor."

"You seemed happy in the two years of your married life with Ethel, and I think, John, she was a changed person from that time."

"She was a good wife to me, and I loved her. My heart never wandered from its allegiance to her. But there is one thing I must tell you, in justice to us both, now that she has passed beyond the reach of being pained by it. It is a thing that I never allowed myself to dwell upon while she was with me, and had we lived out the time allotted to us together on earth, I would have kept my faith with her until the end! It is this: My love for Ethel was secondary. Deep down in my heart was hidden my best and truest love. I loved you when but a child; in the highest sense of the word, you were my first and only love, Ellinor. How happy we might have been, but for Ethel's falsehood!"

"Happier as we are, John; for her union with you, as I had hoped, worked out her salvation; for she walked softly before God, in memory of her sin!"

A MONUMENT TO ADAM.

We do not know how much truth there is in the story, but it is reported that the Rev. Charles Rogers, of England, is about to get up a subscription for the erection of a monument to—Adam, the father of mankind! A company, to be entitled the "Grand International Adamite Monument Association," is to be formed, and the monument is to be erected upon the supposed site "of the Garden of Eden, in Mesopotamia. The expense, no doubt, will be great. It is the custom to make a monument never smaller, and generally much larger, than was the mortal body of the hero, whose immortal deeds it is intended to commemorate; and, as there is a well-authenticated tradition that Adam was 930 feet high, his monument cannot, in common justice, be less than 1,000 feet in altitude. But it is estimated that a penny subscription from each one of the surviving descendants of this truly great and good man—and it is impossible that one of them should be unwilling to contribute this small sum—would amount to enough to pay for the erection of the monument, and leave enough over to procure a handsome testimonial for Dr. Rogers, who has been the first to suggest that it was time to wipe away the stigma long attached to humanity for having left the memory of the first hero in its history—a man whose name, fame, actions, death, and spiritual influence are constantly on our lips—without commemorative stone to tell the stranger, who could appreciate it, what he had done." A great many hard things have been said of Adam; but it should not be forgotten that we owe him much, and that, with all his faults, he had many virtues. When Dr. Rogers' subscription paper is sent over here, we shall be ready with our penny, and if he will enlarge his plan so as to include a monument to Eve also, we will be happy to double our subscription.—New York World.

—Emma A. Lane, of Boston, Grand Director of the Order of St. Christopher, gives her whole time and personal attention to the organization of Women's Associations, her object being to secure employment for destitute girls.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—A chromo is being made from Miss Spencer's painting of "Truth Unveiling Falsehood."

—Wilkesbarre, Pa., has a school in which woman's work and housekeeping are taught.

—Benjamin Franklin's original press is in fifty or more printing offices, as well as in the Patent office.

—Two million sixteen thousand pins a day, are made by the New England Pin Company, at Winsted, Conn.

—Three ladies applied a few days ago for admission into the Columbia College Law school, but were refused.

—Paupers are buried from English work-houses at three shillings and sixpence a head, two mourners furnished.

—Madame Hirschfeldt, who took a diploma from the Philadelphia Dental College, has been admitted to practice at Berlin.

—A child six years old was recently run over in Boston. "Don't whip me, father; I'll never do so again," were his last words.

—Another of Negrate's conspiracies to assassinate Juarez and his Cabinet was discovered on the morning of the day for its operation, August 25.

—Senator Pomeroy has been elected President of The Woman's Suffrage Association of the District of Columbia. All the rest of the officers are ladies.

—Western papers state that the reason Chicago was not in the line of the total eclipse was because the Lord was afraid to trust the wicked city so long in the dark.

—The "Holmesburg Gazette," a most creditably conducted weekly, published at Holmesburg, Penn., by W. F. Knott, has recently been enlarged and improved.

—The California wheat crop exceeds all expectations in its yield; and in the absence of the usual demand for export to the Eastern States and foreign ports, the market there is glutted.

—Some of the Southern papers are urging the planters to unite and corner cotton, holding it back for a rise. The advice is not new nor is the attempt, but it has never had much success.

—The Female Medical College in London has existed six years. About eighty ladies have entered as students, and of these many are settled in practice as mid-wives, and are succeeding admirably.

—The Cincinnati Times says an old man was lodged in the station house a few nights since as a vagrant, who ten years ago was one of the heaviest wholesale merchants of that city. Strong drink tells the story.

—There is no mystery," says Dumas, "so impenetrable that envy cannot pierce it with its sickly glance; and yet, it will tell you ever so skillfully, there is always some pinhole through which we may be seen."

—A good deacon, whose slumbers were nightly disturbed by the fluttering of swallows in the house chimney, set a bundle of straw on fire in the fire-place, when down came 350 swallows in the flames, and were picked up dead.

—A machinist belonging to the Arsenal of Naples, has invented an instrument called the Anemograph, which shows the velocity with which a vessel is traveling, the changes in the direction, and the deviation of the compass.

—A German society in New York has taken up the case of J. A. B. Burket, the emigrant, who was recently clubbed to death by Policeman Buddington, and have instituted a suit against the latter for \$50,000 damages. The defendant has been arrested, and held to bail in \$20,000.

—Letters from St. Petersburg record the arrival at Cronstadt of the Winged Arrow, two hundred and sixty-six days from Russian America, alias Alaska, bringing the last Russian colonists (there were one hundred and twenty-seven), the last merchandise of the Russian American Company, and the archives of the colony.

—Three female doctors—one French, one Russian, and the other American—have just passed successful examinations before the faculty of medicine at Lyons, France. The American lady was the most brilliant of all, and astonished her judges by her profound knowledge of anatomy, dissection, pathology, and hospital practice.

—A man, less heavy than the horse, has greater relative muscular power. The dog, less heavy than man, drags a comparatively heavier burden. Insects, as their weight grows less and less, are able to drag more and more. It would appear, therefore, that the muscular force of living creatures is in inverse proportion to their mass.

—A Wall street speculator returning home, the other evening, in no variable frame of mind, thus announced the result of his operations to the family group: "No more silk dresses this winter, my dear; no more balls and parties; no more opera boxes;" and then, warming with his subject, "no more infernal winnings and dinners, and no more d-d nonsense of any sort, Ma'ids."

—Friendly relations have been established between the Count de Paris and Schuler Delitsch on the subject of co-operative associations and trades unions; and the anti-Orleanist French press shares at the grandson of Louis Philippe for marking his possibly approaching advent to power, like Louis Napoleon in his days of obscurity, by flirtations with the working classes.

—An eyeless fish from the Mammoth Cave is on exhibition at New Orleans. It was caught by Captain D. H. Feger. The *Pezomachus* describes it as to all intents and purposes, a fish six or six inches long, much like a catfish in shape, but without scales or outer skin, and perfectly transparent. It feeds entirely on the amebule to be found in water, and this must be regularly changed to supply it with food.

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer says that an artesian well, near that city, has reached a stratum of blue slate stone at the depth of seven hundred and seventy-five feet, and that, since reaching this stratum, a singular phenomenon has presented itself every day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A jet of water is thrown out some distance as high as forty feet; then subsiding, another jet is thrown out, and these pulsations are kept up for fifteen or twenty minutes, when they cease for the day.

—The planets Venus and Saturn are now apparently approaching each other; the least distance will be reached about a quarter past 8 o'clock on the evening of the 25th instant, when Venus will be 3 1/2 degrees south of Saturn. They will then be 2 hours 50 minutes beyond the sun, and visible in the southern part